

ROBERT AND ADELA:

OR,

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN

BEST MAINTAINED BY THE

SENTIMENTS OF NATURE.

. IN TWO VOLUMES.

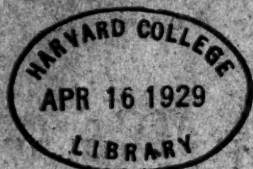
VOLUME I.

D U B L I N:

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R O B E R T
AND
ADELA DE MONTFORT.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER

TO

MISS FITZARRAN.

Oakstock Park.

AM not I very good to write when you are actually two letters in my debt? I know that you will give me no credit for this piece of condescension, but I deserve much, for we are at present involved in a vortex of rural dissipation.

It is two days since Landsford came of age, a period he has been anxiously waiting for these five or six years. Ever since this joyful morning nothing has gone forward but festivity and mirth. My mother has fallen back, as to her own age, nearly as many years as my brother has acquired, if one may judge by her present

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activity.

activity. Even the good Mr. Hoare is gay, and seems to look on my brother with an eye of exultation, as having brought this creature, whose mind has been his constant care these last fifteen years, to entire perfection. This is what he thinks, I dare say; but I, who have a more penetrative genius, can find innumerable flaws in this grand object of his care. I wish they may never become visible to the world. This tutor of my brother's pretends to dictate to me sometimes; but I am not to be taught what I ought to do or say. I am, and will be independent. Man was not born to controul me! No! no! let them lord it over those simple females who own their power. "My Bosom's lord fits lightly on my breast;" and so it shall do. Every one laughs at me—let them do so. My mother tells me, that she fully determined on old maidism, until my father asked her to become a wife. This, she predicts, will be my case: I hate all prediction—I never had faith in any. To laugh with, and at mankind, is what I intend. How dare any of them to dictate to me? I despise them for the mean opinion they entertain of our sex? I am ashamed of writing so long about myself; and will now enquire what you are doing so long in Ireland? How you employ your time, and when you intend to set sail for England?—I have heard a reason whispered,
why

why Lady Fitzarran prefers the studious shade: but it is so truly ridiculous, that I pass it by amongst the idle rumours of the day.

We are, or rather my brother is, in expectation of the Count de Montfort from France, if the horrid brutes, who now rule that devoted land, will permit him to come over. He is very handsome, and my brother laughs so saucily at me when he talks of his elegant figure, and his accomplishments, that I hate him before he arrives. Do come over and help me to manage Landsford. He promises to be very tractable to you, but he is determined to dance at my wedding. I shall not stay amongst them if they teize me. My grandmother, I thank her for it most heartily, has put it in my power to please myself, by placing twenty thousand pounds in my own power, which was the only good act I ever heard that she did. She could not bear my mother, because she married my father; against whom, she conceived a disgust, on account of some personal slight, real or fancied; she never would permit any of the family to visit her but me, and this honor was obtained because she was informed that I was very proud, that I maintained the rights of women, and would not bear control. I made her a visit which lasted for the last six years of her life. She it was who

informed me, that my mind was as independent as that lordly animal man's: and that it was my own fault if ever I submitted to his authority.

I hope that your mother entertains no serious intention of passing the winter in Ireland. I assure you that your brother Edward told me such a scheme was in contemplation. If it is so, I suspect that formal Mr. Harrowby is the cause of it; this must be one of his prudential schemes. I cannot think why this man is such an oracle amongst you all. What great wonders has he performed, I pray? Sabina has just lost her husband, he is gone to join the army on the continent; she is coming hither to be amused—she is one of your submissive ladies: amongst these will never be numbered your friend,

SUSAN SPENCER.

THE COUNTESS OF ALDBOROUGH

TO

MRS. EVELYN.

DEAR MADAM,

Oakstock Park.

I HAVE long delayed writing to you, in the hope that a very short time would render that unnecessary. I am now detained at Oakstock for some time, owing to some arrangements necessary to be made on my son Landsford's attaining the age of twenty-one. I cannot express to you, my good and early friend, how pleased I am that this period is arrived, or how grateful I am to Mr. Hoare for his unremitted care and attention to the Earl during his minority. He has often spoken to me on the subject of quitting the family. This I am sorry to hear of, as Landsford has a very sincere regard for him; and as his presence might still keep alive those good and just sentiments inculcated in his youth. Mr. Hoare is no restraint upon the pleasures of my son; he is rather a promoter of them. It is not his opinion, that young men

men of rank, or indeed in any station in life, should be restrained from amusements. Only let these be pointed out by some judicious person who may direct them to such pursuits as lead not to vicious habits. Those who have the care of young persons, who are the hope of great and noble families, should be careful to lead them on, so as that even, in their sport, some general knowledge may be attained. This has been ever the object of Mr. Hoare, who has gained my entire friendship by the judicious conduct he has observed towards our family; he has not, like most other gentlemen who undertake the task of tutors, considered that if he attended to Landsford's studies it was sufficient: for he has taken an interest in the concerns of the family; not impertinently, but where he saw I might need, or was anxious to gain information. I have given him now a very important commission; to observe my son well, in the visits they make together, and to see if he has any partiality towards any particular family: if he observes him, as yet, indifferent to all, to endeavour to find some elegant and accomplished female amongst the numerous circle I visit, and to lead Landsford most frequently to the house in which she resides. When he is fixed, I shall be happy: as then I shall be at liberty to form my own plan as to the younger children.

Lady Susan

Susan, I fear, will give me much trouble, as her grandmother has given her mind a most ridiculous mode of thinking, and she is very obstinate. She is determined never to marry; this, she says, cannot be of any concern to me, as her grandmother, who inspired her with the whim, has given her sufficient to support it. This is very true, but I do not like to see any woman make singularity her aim. She places herself, by such conduct, on an eminence, from which, if she descends, she renders herself ridiculous. I am writing to you, my friend, all my family concerns, because I know the goodness of your heart will excuse the anxiety of a mother. I recollect, that when your family were setting out in life, you honoured me with a consultation. I most sincerely congratulate you on the success of your endeavours. Your son, I hear, goes on very well in Bengal, and has a very large and amiable family. Mrs. Middleton is at Middleton-Hall, I hear, enjoying what her good and amiable qualities must ever ensure; the respect and admiration of all around her. Don't you propose to leave Bath this winter for a few months? You would infinitely oblige me by such a determination. Indeed, my friend, I am almost sick of the parade and constant routine of unmeaning visits; and could like to retire, with a few friends,
from

from all the parade and pomp of the world, into some remote corner, and live for myself the remainder of my days. I think Bath, the place you have chosen, very agreeable for one of your chearful disposition; especially as you live a great part of the year alone. If you don't come to town this winter, I shall perhaps make a trip for a few weeks to Bath. I am not quite satisfied with myself: there are some points on which I wish to consult you: I have no other friend in whom I would wish to confide; you have been, from infancy my oracle, and must continue so, until the grave, that common enemy to society, divides us. That period, I trust, is yet far distant from us both, in which hope,

I subscribe myself,

Your's truly,

CAROLINE ALDBOROUGH.

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

THE COUNT DE MONTFORT.

Oakstock Park.

I AM in hopes, before this letter arrives in the land of anarchy, you will have escaped from it to this happy island of regulated liberty: for so it is, whatever men may preach against it. From the abuses which, in the course of years have crept into all states, Britain is not exempt: but I cannot conceive, because a few repairs are necessary, that the building is to be razed to the ground. However, I do not intend to commence politician for at least these twenty years to come. I was launched last Monday; I believe I must explain myself a little or you may not understand me. Know then, that when I attained the much to be desired age of twenty-one, on the above-mentioned day, to the infinite happiness of myself and above two thousand people, who assembled in the Park, at an

early hour, to celebrate this happy æra. I do assure you, Montfort, the most pleasant sensation I experienced on this festive day was, to observe the heartfelt satisfaction expressed in the benignant countenance of Mr. Hoare. When we met in the breakfast room, he gave me his hand, and assured me, any trouble he might have had was infinitely overpaid by the joy of the present moment. To say the truth, I fear he has had much trouble; for I am sure his patience must have been often tried; mine would not have held out I am certain. However, I must endeavour to make up to him, in friendship, what I am in his debt on the score of patience. Pray haste hither the instant you land, I shall not fully enjoy my liberty until your arrival; not that I ever was under any great restraint, and I am persuaded that I shall find that there was more in the word than in the reality. I have got a pride of a sister who declares against matrimony; she has twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal, Montfort; excuse me, for this remark, my friend, I only mean that the ladies of our days are a little expensive, and a purse in their hands, to supply themselves, saves us a world of trouble. Come and humble this proud beauty; for a beauty she really is, which you might doubt, when you hear she is the sister of your friend Landsford. She has
the

the impertinence to doubt the supremacy of man: come and assert our rights, I pray you; I need not say how happy it would make me to unite the ties of affinity to those of friendship. I am very much busied with my steward, and Mr. Hoare, who lends his assistance towards settling the numerous concerns that surround me, and only leave me time to sign myself,

Yours,

LANDSFORD.

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE

TO

MISS MILLER.

Somerville Lodge.

I AM just escaped, my friend, from what is called society, to enjoy my own thoughts, and follow my inclination that points to you. Yesterday morning the dreaded hour of separation came, and my dear William left me to join the army on the Continent. Think, my Anna, what must be the feelings of a wife at such a moment. How many weeks has my husband been preparing me for this dreaded event! I
thought

thought he had inspired me with all the courage and heroism of a Roman matron, and that I could have placed the helmet on his head, and have seen him march to meet the foe with firm composure. But, Oh! how weak is reason when opposed to affection! The very order for the chaise to come round to the door, shook my frame more than it is possible the sight of our enemies can those of the greatest coward that ever faced them. William reproached me with forfeiting my word; he had proposed leaving me at break of day without taking leave, and to this I had consented. But I entreated permission to make his breakfast, and see him depart, under a promise of being composed. Just before he stepped into his chaise, General and Mrs. Harcourt came in. William had sent the evening before, unknown to me, to say his intention was to leave me early, and that he would thank them to breakfast with me. What! said the General, a soldier detained by a whimpering girl? Take care, or I shall bring you before a court martial. Mrs. Harcourt has made my breakfast in sight of the enemy's camp, whilst my soldiers have only waited my mounting my horse to attack them. Havn't you, my dear? Aye, and seen me carried back on the mens shoulders to my tent before dinner time. Come, come General, said William, the breakfast is
enough

enough for Sabina this morning; I will tell her the story of the battle when I return. La Farr came in, and said all was ready. The poor fellow cast a look at me full of sensibility and kindness. I went up to him, and gave him a couple of guineas, telling him, I trusted to his care of his master should he want it; and also that he would not fail to give me intelligence should he need my attendance. The good fellow assured me, that he would be attentive to my commands, and that he was sure that they should return both well and victorious; for La Farr is a violent royalist. Whilst I had been giving my orders, William had, by the contrivance, and, I dare say, suggestion of the General, stolen into his chaise, and was nearly half way down the Park when I returned. His head was out at the window: the moment I saw this, I attempted to follow the carriage, but was seized by Mrs. Harcourt, and also by the General, who detained me by force until a turn in the road hid the chaise from my sight. I sunk in my chair overwhelmed with grief: I really believe I never hated any one so cordially, as at that moment, I did these two worthy people who had come purposely to console me. The General laughed at me, and said it was well my brother was not here to witness my endeavours to seduce a soldier from his duty. All they could say

say did not remove my uneasiness; although they said and did every thing possible. My husband was gone to face danger in a thousand shapes, and my mind was not to be amused by hearing how others had acted in similar situations. I received a note from William, which he wrote from the post town whilst he changed horses and which had more effect to calm my spirits than all the powers of eloquence could have had from any one else.

This cordial was delivered to me, just as I was sitting down to dinner, by Mrs. Harcourt. The General declared he had a good opinion of William before this; but now, he was convinced, he would never make a good soldier. That his camp must be in St. James's Park; and that he might sit in some coffee-house and write sonnets in praise of his wife. I was obliged to support the character of my husband, and assured him, "that an unfeeling heart had never been the characteristic of an English soldier." "Never mind him," said Mrs. Harcourt; "I'll tell you this, that he sent twice from the field of battle to enquire after me when I lay ill of a fever; so you see how much faith there is to be put in his words." This turned the laugh on him, and he was obliged to acknowledge that what she said was true, but
that

that he sent in order to know if he could depend on a nurse in case of accidents. After dinner an inundation of visitors arrived, to keep up my spirits, as they termed it: in my opinion, it was to lower them. My sister Susan came also, and advised me to try my music, or a little coquetry; she was certain that either of these would greatly assist in the recovery of her spirits on such an occasion. I told her, "that she was not yet a wife; when she was, she would utter no such sentiment." "No, thank heaven!" said she, "I am not ranked amongst the herd of females who consent voluntarily to slavery: to tamely sit down and own master.—Oh, the horrid idea!" Every one kindly tried their power to amuse me, but I was travelling by the side of my husband, although in my drawing-room. Never did I find myself more relieved than when I heard the last carriage drive from the door. I retired to my dressing-room, where I sat down, and a flood of tears relieved me more than all the company. On going to the glass, judge what an agreeable surprise I met with, when I found it turned the wrong way, and instead of the glass, the wooden back towards me; over which hung the picture of my William—an exact likeness. Was not this good of him?—I ordered my supper in my little library, and took the picture for a companion,

companion, the only one I could have borne in the present state of my mind. The wind is fair I hear, and it is likely the troops will re-embark this day: would they were on their return!—I can speak of nothing but self; so it is better to conclude this dull epistle. I intend to spend a few days at Oakstock with my mother. Landsford's taking possession there has occasioned much festivity in the country: I greatly want something to enliven me. I wish my brother would marry; I should be very difficult in the choice of a wife for him: he has so many good qualities that I should not know how to trust any female, amongst the circle of my acquaintance, with his future happiness. He will not consult me, I dare say, when he makes his choice. Adieu, my dear Anna,

Yours,

SABINA SOMERVILLE.

MISS FITZARRAN

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

The Black Rock.

I ACKNOWLEDGE your kindness in writing. I have to plead, in excuse for my negligence in answering yours, the illness of my mother. This absolves me from all infidelity on the score of friendship, as the claims of duty are certainly the first to be observed. My mother is greatly recovered, and I hope a few weeks will restore her to her usual health and spirits: I assure you I have been greatly pained for some time past, by observing this best of women labouring under an unusual oppression: This, I hope, was occasioned by the malady from which she is just recovering, and not from any secret uneasiness, as has been hinted by at some of my friends. Yet their friendship extended not so far as to give me the least clue to the nature of the sorrow which, they said, it was evident she laboured under. It is impossible that my mother can have any trouble that does not originate

originate in her family : and I am proud to say that there is not one of her children who would not lose their own existence to promote her happiness. She has been writing all this morning to her old friend Mrs. Mortimer, and I have seized that opportunity to write to you. You ask when we intend setting sail for England ; I really cannot answer this question, but beg you will do so by one I am going to ask. What do you mean when you say, "I have heard it whispered why Lady Fitzarran prefers the studious shade; but it is so ridiculous that I pass it by among the idle rumours of the day." Now pray inform me what this ridiculous report is ? for I am truly concerned to hear that any one can attach any thing that is capable of being construed into ridicule, to my mother, and should rejoice to have it cleared up ; for so it will be instantly when it is explained. She is in possession of every quality that can adorn and exalt the female character : In my opinion, she arrives as near perfection as our natures can admit of in this state of our existence. You must excuse me for saying this much as I adore my mother, and cannot bear to find, that the breath of ill-nature should blow upon her. It is to your friendship I apply, and from you expect an answer to my question, not couched in ambiguity, but in fair and open language ; tell me

me at what the world points. Indeed, Susan, I am now to give an instance of sincerity to you; you had better give up this notion of yours, or rather of your grand-mother's, for you say; you imbibed it from her; you would have been happier, in my opinion, had she kept her twenty thousand pounds to herself, and have let you remained with your sister Sabina, who, I conceive, to be a most amiable character, although she has lost her freedom, and submitted to slavery, as you call it. You invite me to assist you to manage Landsford: surely, as you renounce the rest of the male sex, to manage one man, and that man your brother, can be no trouble to you. This poor Count, you expect, I hope, will have disposed of his heart before he arrives at Oakstock, or heaven help him, as your's is incased in a marble vase. I wish you had been horridly ugly, as this would have saved you a world of trouble, and you might have got half a dozen cats, and as many dogs, in some old antiquated mansion, and there have resided, invested with all the honours and privileges of old maidism: as this is not the case, I have a wicked pleasure in contemplating this proud beauty sighing in secret; for you never dare to own a partiality. Some dear male coquet, and many thanks to the present day for presenting us with so many of them, will so tease your little stubborn

born heart, that you will do just as a great many other asserters of the female rights have done before you—marry and dwindle into a very wife.— When that delightful period arrives, may you sustain that respectable character equal to some females of the present day, of which the throne exhibits so unexceptionable an example: even the splendor of high rank, eclipsed by the maternal and domestic virtues. Doubtless I shall become tiresome, when endeavouring to explode your arbitrary system. Make my best respects to your mother and Lady Sabina; tell her I sympathise in her present distresses, and wish we were in England, in order to beguile the tedious hours of absence.

Your's,

FRANCES FITZARRAN.

THE COUNT DE MONTFORT

TO THE

EARL OF LANDSFORD.

MY FRIEND,

I AM at length landed on your happy shore a miserable fugitive, far from my native soil; the land in which my forefathers flourished, the father and friend of a happy tenantry, and the supporters of the oppressed. You are well acquainted with their fame in arms: now is their miserable descendant driven to solicit shelter in a foreign land, without one cheering hope, except that of the possession of the friendship of Landsford, and that of the Duke de B***. I think I hear you exclaim, how can you count yourself miserable in possession of two friends, when one is hardly ever the lot of man; I will allow that this thought often dissipates very many melancholy reflections. It is true, through the happy foresight of my father, who had been well schooled in the mazes of politics, and foresaw the approaching storm, I am secure from
absolute

absolute misery. He having placed what secures my independance in your funds, by the means of Mr. B****, our banker in Paris. This, I assure you, shed a ray of cheerfulness even over his dying moments. The hours were approaching fast he said, when France would no longer own me as one of her sons. "Fly then," said he, "till the rage of fanaticism and folly are abated, to Britain; claim protection of a generous people, whose hand is ever open to the unfortunate, and where the rights of the sovereign are founded on the liberties of the subject. I have some friends there, who will, with pleasure, do the honours of the country to the son of Montfort. He mentioned your family—you remember how often we have sat, I will not say with your poet, "nothing loth," to hear him tell of the campaigns my grandfather had served in the wars in Germany, opposed to your illustrious ancestor. Here then, I am come, if possible, to tranquillize my mind, and to forget the friends I have lost, or from whom I am separated. I have frequently wished to visit England, as I have ever admired the manners of such of the English as I have seen in France; considering them to be more calculated for friendship than we are. I am called too grave in Paris. I never had a turn for mirth. The mind must be vacant that can be amused with trifles. You
invite

invite me to enter the list for the prize of your sister's heart. You say she is a prude; I like that character better than that of a coquet; and I am pleased to hear that she has declared war against our sex: to make an impression on the mind of such a woman, would be my pride; not to assert the supremacy of man as you invite me; but to convince her that we only aim at equal sway. I will see this proud beauty on Monday next, as I propose staying in London only two days, in order to transact a little business, and then fly down to Oakstock as fast as a chaise and four can bring me. I do not mean to see any one until we return to town together, as I am a very awkward fellow at introducing myself; although a Frenchman is said to be perfectly easy on those occasions.

Adieu,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

LADY FITZARRAN

TO

MRS. MORTIMER.

I HAVE been long confined with a slight nervous fever, which has, I hope, at length left me. I think I have determined to remain in Ireland this winter ; but I am not perfectly sure—I alter my mind so often, that the next post may inform you that I shall meet you in Welbeck-street in a few days. You are doubtless surprized at my changeable disposition, as that I know has never been my character ; but, my friend, we are not the same at every period of our lives, but alter as we advance in life. The world opens to our view, and exhibits so many follies and inconsistencies, that it is impossible but our reason must be convinced of many absurd prejudices imbibed in our youth. The high pride of families I begin to think somewhat absurd, having witnessed so many virtues and such a fund of genius in the inferior orders of society ; that, in my opinion, more than make up for the mere adventitious circumstance of our birth. Superior intellect surely is more than

than equal to any title that is dependant on the breath of kings. The man is exalted by his Maker, and holds his rank in society before every hereditary honour.

Surely it is more honourable to be dignified by our own actions, than to lean upon the authority of our ancestors, and so to live as to be a fountain of nobility and an example of virtue to our descendants. If the world is to govern all our actions, then we live the sport of that world, and not for ourselves. I have often spoken on this subject to your old acquaintance Harrowby, my son's tutor and friend; but I cannot get him to agree with me. He thinks that we should always comply with the prevailing system, to deviate may incur censure, which every female should studiously avoid. I am not sure if this is his own opinion. If I was sure that it was, I should expect mine to be wrong. I am greatly concerned that this amiable man talks of leaving us soon, as some of the most agreeable hours of my life have been spent in his society, and that I myself have been instructed, at the same time that my children have received every advantage from his strict attention and judicious management of them. My son, Fitzarran, reveres, him as a father: he has treated him with the liberality he deserves; he yesterday assured

me that he should quit us with regret, but that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave us in order to settle some little concerns of his own. This, added to some other unpleasant circumstances, determines me to stay here for some time. The management of my family, which will now entirely devolve on myself, will take up all my time; though, to say the truth, this will give me as little trouble as possible; they having been bred with such a proper notion of what is just and right by Mr. Harrowby. To undertake the task, however, affects my spirits greatly.

I hear that the family of Aldborough are at Oakstock, and the young Earl with them. Frances keeps up a regular correspondence with Lady Susan. She is a strange young woman—I am happy she is not a daughter of mine.—She is certainly possessed of a beautiful person, and much good sense, which has been horridly perverted by that queer old lady she is heir to.

Landsford will, perhaps, be for taking a wife—he is a very amiable young man; I should wish his choice to fall on any of my daughters; but there is no directing the heart in those matters; and it is cruel to attempt it. I should wish my children to choose for themselves a partner

partner where permanent happiness was their aim, rather than riches or honours, which are so inconstant, and so unsatisfactory, even when stationary.—I do not ask you after the news of the day, as I know events succeed each other so rapidly that it would be a task for you to record them. I am tired of all the unmeaning pomp of the world, and could wish that you and I, and a few other friends that I could very easily, select, were the inhabitants of some romantic, pleasant spot, and were to live and die without ever mixing in society beyond our little party.—Dublin is very quiet, as most families I know have taken their departure for England. I do not positively say, I shall not make one amongst you. Frances is quite indifferent, and is pleased to say, my wishes are hers. Adieu, my dear Eliza,

Your's,

LOUISA FITZARRAN.

MISS MILLER

TO

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE.

I HAVE deferred writing for some days, as you proposed a visit to Oakstock; and I now judge you have made it, and are either returned or on the point of returning. I hope you have received an account of your husband's safe arrival on the continent, and are reconciled to his absence; or at least that you have resolved to act the heroine. This is not your character I must allow; but more firmness will be expected from you in the character of the wife, than there was in that of the maiden. You have little to apprehend, as I hear Mr. Somerville is not placed in a post of any danger, and will return home in a few months.

I saw Mrs. Harcourt yesterday; she gives but a bad account of your first day after Mr. Somerville's departure. She says, you are but a young soldier's wife, and want seasoning to the service: of which, by the bye, she herself has a sufficient share.

share. She always puts me in mind of an old general officer drest in women's cloaths; for having followed the camp so many times, she has assumed a gait and voice truly *a-la-militaire*; and I do think, with a sword by her side, she would be a formidable enemy. She would do well to bring up young men to the service, as no drill serjeant of them all could teach the exercise better, or give the word of command in a more military or authoritative tone. She is blessed by nature with a pair of whiskers, which would *become* a Prussian trooper. Yet, notwithstanding that she is certainly too masculine, she is a most friendly and amiable woman. —I would give a great deal for her flow of spirits.

I believe you will not see Miss Fitzarran in town this winter; her mother having determined on remaining in Ireland. She is learning an old song that you must remember, running thus,

“ Though prudence may press me,

“ And duty distress me, against inclination

“ Ah what can I do, &c.

Until she has determined this point, she does not propose to quit Ireland. That old ladies should

should act imprudently is surprising, but so it seems likely to turn out. Gratitude takes very strong hold upon some people.

I have an invitation to spend the Winter in Dublin with Lady Frances; which, I believe, I shall accept, just to take a view of that delightful country of blunders. I shall expect, if I go, that you will be a very punctual correspondent, and inform me what is going on, on this side of the water: whilst I will give you some account of the Irish beauties. Apropos of beauty—I hear that you have got a perfect Adonis in the shape of a Frenchman at Oakstock.—Will lady Susan still maintain her dignity? Tell her there are numerous conjectures hazarded with regard to her. The Earl sent me no compliments when Lady Susan wrote last—I shall punish him, and quit England without one last farewell to his Lordship. I always determine, when I begin to write, to end my letter at the bottom of the first side of my paper; but when writing to you, I frequently exceed my quantity.

Your's,

ANNE MILLER.

THE COUNT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUKE OF B****.

Oakstock Park.

EVERY object that presented itself on my journey from Paris, until I reached the confines of France, and bade adieu to my native country, reminded me of you. We have frequently passed the same road in each others company; and now, what had formerly constituted my happiness, became a source of sincere grief.

The days we have passed together are fled like a dream, and I fear that the comparison will hold still farther, for like a dream they will never return. We have learnt to think together, and I am greatly indebted to you for the communications of an enlightened understanding. You did give me a promise at parting, or I am much mistaken, that it was possible you might visit England. Come, then, my friend, and join Landsford and myself, and then I shall have no wish ungratified, except for the restoration of peace to my distracted country. You have seen the Ladies of Britain, therefore I need

need not describe their charms. But B**** you have never seen Lady Susan Spencer—all the charms of her sex are united in her person. There is a natural dignity about her, that fascinates at first sight.

From this eulogium you will pronounce me a lover; but I will not allow it, as I am not one of those who are caught by mere externals. My reason must be convinced—I must esteem before I can love; and I have not yet been twenty four hours in the family of Aldborough. That time has been spent mostly in the company of Landsford; the Ladies having gone from home, when I arrived, to meet Lady Sabina Somerville, a married daughter of the family. Landsford waited at home to receive me, which he did in a most kind and friendly manner. It was the first time I had heard the voice of friendship since we parted. We talked of you, and wished you could make a trio.—I arrived about five on Monday, just in time to dress for dinner. This Landsford said he would not have suffered me to do, but as he wished me to do execution before supper, I might put on all my graces *a la-Paris*.

This gave me but a bad opinion of his sister; for, if I am to be indebted to a coat for her heart

heart, my taylor has as good a chance as myself. Therefore I dressed in compliment to the family; not to please myself.

About half past nine the carriages drove to the door. I and Landsford went out to receive the Ladies. I gave my hand first to the Countess, whom I led into the hall. She welcomed me to Oakstock with much politeness, in a most unaffected manner. Next came Landsford leading in Lady Sabina Somerville. She has one of the most interesting female countenances I ever beheld.—Next came Lady Susan Spencer, in all the pride of conscious beauty. Landsford introduced her next.—She hardly deigned me a curtsy—but, humming a tune, crossed the room, ordering her woman to her dressing-room. “Surely, Susan,” said Landsford, “you are not going to dress at this late hour. My friend Montfort has brought compliments from half a score of your Parisian friends.”—“Surely, sir,” said she, “if it had pleased myself, I might dress in order to receive them in form.—But if it is necessary to tell you why I rang for Wilmot, it was to”—“Nay,” said he, “I shall not hear you, as I am an impertinent fellow; and beg your pardon.” Upon which she left the room finishing her song.

The Countess and Lady Sabina entered into chat with me on the affairs of our native country. The latter was most anxious in her enquiries after news, and if I had heard any thing relative to the position of the different armies. I found this curiosity proceeded from the circumstance of a beloved husband being engaged in the contest. She expressed so much sensibility, that I would have given the world I had been the object in whom she was so much interested. I wonder what has given Lady Susan so great an aversion to our sex; Perhaps she has been unlucky in the object of her first affections: but I think, Landsford hinted something about her having taken her strange notions from a female relation. I wish this may be the case. If her mind be but as beautiful as her person, I shall exclaim, with that divine bard Shakespeare, "she is alone the Arabian bird, &c." I wish Landsford had said nothing about me to her. Oakstock, I dare say you saw when you travelled in England: though I think I never heard you mention it. 'Tis a proud and magnificent altar raised by a liberal nation to gratitude. I have hardly seen farther than the house: and indeed not all of that except a superficial view. The Ladies have promised to drive me round the park, which is very extensive, this morning. Landsford has half promised me

me a seat in Lady Susan's cabriole. At breakfast I grew more pleased with her: we had much conversation, and she displayed an excellent understanding. She has promised to give me the character of all the visitors whilst I stay here.—A summons from Landsford.

Adieu, my dear B***. think frequently of your friend,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

THE DUKE DE B***.

TO THE

COUNT DE MONTFORT.

Lausanne.

YOU see, Robert, I have removed as well as yourself. I did not communicate my design to you, because I well know that your friendship would lead your active mind into an hundred conjectures as to my safety. The accomplishment of your own scheme was sufficient; and mine was but in embryo. Had you staid, I should have still loitered on the banks of the Seine. I, however, sincerely congratulate you on
your

your arrival in England, as you will me in having escaped tyranny and injustice in devoted France. Return to Paris we never shall; for if we return to the spot so called, it will not be the same. It will be like repairing to the grave of a beloved friend: it will open every wound afresh, and serve to render the void more visible. This is a subject on which I dare not dwell: it is pregnant with horrors too terrific. Can you conceive Montfort? Yes, you can I am sure, the joy of my mother, when my carriage drove to her hotel. She was unable to speak for some moments: at length she exclaimed, "Now France I forgive you all my injuries." Shall I present myself to you a vain self-opiniated coxcomb? I will, for I must tell you in the pride of my heart, that I saw your sister turn pale, nay I felt her hand tremble when she held it out to me. "Montfort it was the second time since we parted that I had felt a dawn of happiness, and I hail it as conspicuous to our future hopes. I am in fear for you Robert; be cautious, you are in a most dangerous situation, you are sitting down with a full determination to admire a woman, who, I think is by character both a prude and a coquet. I know your mind and am certain an attachment is not lightly thrown off by you. Consider! weight well what you are going to enter into, e'er you allow
your

your mind to dwell on a beautiful face or person and to depend on that solely for happiness. We have often laughed, and that most heartily, at those young men who have been enraptured, and sworn slaves to a woman, to whom they have perhaps never spoken, only because she has had a black eye, or an aquiline nose. Do not let the laugh be turned on you, for I think by your own acknowledgement you have scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with this beauty. Has she a *mind* Robert?—you say I have never seen Lady Susan Spencer: that is very true, but if I had I should not prefer her, I am certain to a number of English beauties that I have seen. It is not the *proud* and *haughty*, for that is the characteristic of a British female; it is the timid, delicate, retiring beauty who steals your heart imperceptibly, rather than she who demands it as a just tribute. However, I shall depend on the good sense I know you to possess—I wish to see you happy, Montfort. Adela desires me to say, that she is as happy as a separation from you will admit of, and that she will write to you very soon. My mother is truly careful of this treasure you have entrusted to her. I am grateful for lord Landsford's desire to see me in England; and perhaps may come over at some more distant period. At present I can hardly determine what to do; circumstances

stances must determine for me. I think it is said that Brutus thought it enough, that those who go into banishment, cannot be hindered from carrying their virtue along with them; therefore, let that be our consolation in this our voluntary exile.

Yours,

DE B***.

COLONEL SOMERVILLE

TO

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE.

Aix la Chapelle.

I KNOW that you have, ere this, pardoned me for leaving you without exchanging a formal farewell. I cannot conceive it at all necessary, when friends are about to separate, that their sensibility should be wound up to a pitch hardly supportable. This I have witnessed frequently, when the parties were only going to separate for a visit of a few weeks, which is truly ridiculous. But, when those, whose affections are interwoven by the nicest links, are about

about to part, it should be managed so as to give the least pain. Such I conceive, my Sabina, to be our case : and I endeavoured, at no small expence of feeling, to bring your mind to such a temperature as would best bear our separation. I must not relate my own sensations at the dreaded moment, lest you should betray me to Mrs. Harcourt ; who, of course, would relate my folly to her husband. Remember, it is not I that give so harsh a name as folly to those feelings which it is, and ever will be my pride to cherish towards you. I am well convinced, had every man as good a wife as I am in possession of, few, very few, would be the separations and divorces which so frequently now disgrace our country. Nor by this would I be supposed to mean that all faults originate in our females. Avarice and ambition have their share in the blame: parents are more anxious for aggrandizement than happiness for their children. How much domestic comfort, my Sabina, might have been destroyed, had your amiable mother, regardless of the pleadings of the heart, compelled you to relinquish me, whose possessions could never have been held in competition with what the grand-daughter of the renowned Earl of Aldborough, might reasonably expect ? By a separation, we should have both been rendered miserable : and, if ever we had married, might have

have laid a foundation for discord in two families ; which, otherwise would have been virtuous and happy. You will see, I am in a moralizing strain.—I am so ; and this is occasioned by my having witnessed, just what I have been describing, in my friend Maynard ; who, I do believe, as well as lady Jane, is undeserving of his fate. Their tale is too long now to relate ; it will serve to amuse you some other time. A soldier's life, in camp, admits of very few anecdotes ; therefore I must husband them. Indeed, in one sense, I may not be speaking strictly true ; but I mean anecdotes that might be interesting to a lady. I trust that you have got rid of your fears for my safety, as my appointment is such as precludes any possibility of danger ; the nature of which General Harcourt will explain to you, as my paper must not be used to so bad a purpose. I hope that you found my representative an agreeable companion at your toilette, and not so troublesome as I generally am when I have the honor of being admitted. You must not look too often at your glass in my absence—when you find any leisure take your pen, and so converse with me—I will appropriate all my idle time to you, so shall we both be employed in what we most like. Some lovers, I think, whose names I have forgotten, consoled themselves in absence, by looking at
some

some particular star each night, at the same moment. Surely, to convey each others sentiments at the same moment, is a refinement on their system. Let us then adopt it, and write every evening from six until seven. You see I have chosen those hours when you may be disengaged, at least when you can disengage yourself most easily. Do you yet persist in your resolution of not visiting out of your own family during my absence? You surely must receive visits, or you will offend your friends; and when I return I shall find you entirely banished from society, which you were purposely made to adorn: Have you been to Oakstock yet? I gave a dinner to a party of friends the day Landsford came of age—you was toasted as well as Lady Susan. The glass went round until a very late hour; and, I will only tell you that my head ached the next day horribly; this is the only folly I have committed since we parted. You will forgive this, as it was a libation to friendship. Often has Landsford kept up my spirits before we were married; when I have expressed my fears that the Countess would despise me for pretending to an alliance with your family. "Somerville!" said he, "you shall have her; I love my sister, and am convinced you will make her happy." Then in his sprightly humour he would promise to assist me in carrying you

you off to Scotland, if the Countess refused. She rendered such a step needless by her consent. Indeed I should have feared to have proposed an elopement, as I have heard you exclaim against such females as have adopted that measure. I think separation has rendered my mind feminine; therefore I must conclude, lest you despise me, which would be to me, the worst of ills. Adieu, Sabina: write to me as often as you can spare time. I will absolve you on a second thought from daily correspondence: there appears to me something of constraint in it, which is not pleasing to your affectionate

W. SOMERVILLE.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

TO

MISS FITZARRAN.

Oakstock Park.

WHEN you began your last, I was at a loss to guess whether you and the rector of your parish had not been writing at the same desk; whether

ther the good man had not been composing a discourse for the next Sunday, and that you had mistaken the paper and sent his sermon to me. At length I found my error, and that you meant an eulogy on your mother's virtues, which doubtless she deserves. My mother is also deserving of having her praises celebrated, but my pen is unequal to the task, and so I leave it to abler hands. As to your request to be informed what the "cenforious vulgar" say, or what Madam Report says, and of which you request so seriously to be informed, in plain and intelligible language: thus it runs—they do say that a certain tutor in a certain family now resident in Dublin, has by spells and divers incantations, possessed himself entirely of the heart of a certain Dowager Lady; that her affection and her pride are at war; but that pride will give way, and that then, Miss Fitzarran and all the younger branches of the family will be taught Greek and Latin *gratis*. No servants are to be admitted into the family, but such as are perfectly versed in the dead languages. When this happy event takes place, I shall not be allowed to correspond with you, as you will be taken up with the new relations, that this union will bring along with it. Lord George Seymour says, that there is to be an oration spoken in both Greek and Latin, every day after dinner,

by

by some of the family. Thus says the world. However, I have too good an opinion of Lady Fitzarran's sense, to suppose she has any intention to degrade herself so much as to marry a man who has been in her family, only one step above the menial servants. You will excuse my taking this liberty with you; I remember, it was your own request. How kind I must be to write so much of your affairs, and never once mention myself! You are, doubtless anxious to know if this Frenchman is arrived, and whether he has touched my heart. Yes he is come, and to say the truth, is perfectly an elegant creature: but there is not any reason why, by finding him agreeable, I am to lose myself. He does not look quite so saucy as Landsford, but I dare say a sufficient share of vanity lurks under his pretended humility. How many shapes these men can assume, in order to enslave us. Well, are we not right to fight them with their own weapons, and subdue instead of being subdued? This is the plan I mean to pursue, and teach those animals that women have souls, aye! and reasonable ones too, as well as themselves. The Count de Montfort is a sensible and intelligent young man without the foppery that generally distinguishes those of his country who have come under my observation. "His serious manners," he says, "were caught from the Duke

Duke de B***, his most intimate friend ; who partly received his education in England, and who was formed upon the model of our youth." He speaks enthusiastically of the Duke, who, I find, is his oracle. My mother is particularly pleased with the Count ; so is Sabina ; he has thus got the majority of females on his side. He reads to them whilst they work.—I frequently mortify him by getting up and going out of the room in the midst of his readings. This I do for fear he should be vain ; and so give himself airs : for Landsford has informed me, that the fool was in love at first sight. Nay, my brother had the insolence to give me warning not to play the fool with a man of sense, and his friend. I suppose I should have thanked my stars for my good fortune, and his good Lordship for bringing this gem, this treasure to Oakstock. Did they not presume to direct me, I do not know but I might have found the Count agreeable enough ; but I must, and will be uncontrolled. Sabina is about to leave us ; she has lost all her former vivacity ; this marriage has quite altered her,—She is for ever thinking and talking of Somerville.—She talks of his delicate attentions. In what, my dear, do you think they consist ? or, at least, which is most prominent in her mind ? just the very thing for which I would have punished the wretch : so very differently do

do people view the same thing. On going to her dressing-room, after he left her, she found the glass reversed, and her husband's picture placed where the glass should have reflected her own face : just tantamount to saying, here is a more beautiful object to look upon.— Never presume to think of yourself, whilst such a divinity, as I, am in existence. I would have whitened the face, and returned him the picture by the next packet. It is just these pieces of vanity that make me detest the sex. They will not let you peaceably and quietly be their friends and equals, but you must adore, and worship them, or they are downright angry, and complain that you are insensible, insipid, and that you want feeling. A thousand abusive epithets they bestow on those who dispute their authority : passive obedience is what they exact. Oh horrid ! I am meditating a journey to Bath, as I am now tired of home.

Oakstock begins to be dull, and an invitation from Mrs. Evelyn; a friend of my mother's, has kindly relieved me from my present *ennui*. At Bath there are a few of my silly adorers.— I cannot help laughing to see what fools men make of themselves, just for the pleasure of playing the tyrant in their turn. But their reign lasts for life; whilst poor women only flutter,

ter in the sunshine of power for a short period, and then sink into nothing. You see how tiresome I grow, having nothing to communicate. We go through the same insipid round of going to bed and getting up, riding, walking, or sitting down to cards. Landsford has proposed accompanying me to Bath; this I shall permit him to do, as by so doing I shall ensure the Count's going *en suite*. I have no objection to a little flirtation with him, if he presumes no farther. Nay, my friendship he is welcome to; for I must say, I think him amiable, and he appears as yet unassuming. My mother, I believe, goes to London; where, I hope, you will come, notwithstanding the reports so maliciously circulated. I am thinking who would present your new father at court, if the story was true. I suppose the president of some of our colleges: as it must be a learned introduction. Adieu, Frances, write me all the news of Dublin: and, in return the scandal of Bath, if I go there, is at your service.

Yours,

SUSAN SPENCER.

ADELA DE MONTFORT

TO

JACQUILINE ST. PRIEUX.

Lausanne.

WHERE is my sister, my friend and counsellor? Torn from me by the rude hand of necessity. Indeed I have lost all my friends, one by one, and am now left alone to combat with a world, with which I feel myself but too ill fitted to struggle. Jacqueline, my brother, my dear Robert, has also left me, and is gone to England.—This I am rather reconciled to, as his stay in France was no longer safe. My father, on his death-bed, bequeathed me to the care of the Duchesse de B***, and bade her keep his child from the storm that threatened: to cherish and protect her youth. How well has this amiable woman executed her trust? She is indeed a mother to your Adela; yet I cannot feel that unreserve in her presence that I used to do, in that of Madame Adelaide, our superior. Happy hours Jacqueline were those we passed in the Convent of St. Austin, when
every

every day passed unruffled by care, and unclouded with sorrow: When we experienced that eternal sunshine of the mind, which I fear is only the lot of youth. You will begin to think I am changed—indeed so I am, in every thing but my friendship for you: and that can never change, because it is founded on principle, and cemented by time. Amidst every care and attention that can be shewn me, I am unhappy. Never did I think that my heart could harbour so detestable a guest as ingratitude. Yet it is so: how was it possible to live under the same roof, to see the many amiable qualities of the Duke de B***, and not admire them? So tender, so delicate was his attention to me, when the severest of all misfortunes befel me, the loss of my father. Since that period, he has been anxious to shew me every mark of esteem, insomuch, that my heart, Jacqueline, has yielded a willing victim to his virtues. Sometimes, I hope that he is not indifferent to Adela; yet I am obliged to check this hope when I reflect, that his good mother, my patroness and friend, would disapprove his passion were it so. She has views of aggrandizement by a match with the daughter of Don Guzman, her brother, and often entertains me with her plans and conjectures on this subject, the whole morning together. The

Duke was in France at our first coming hither, as it was not judged proper for him to attend us, which might have created a jealousy. He himself did not wish to remove, as my brother was then in France. There has ever subsisted a strong friendship between them. Robert went for England, and the Duke has followed us. Never did I experience such true delight as when I saw, from my window, his Berlin drive into the yard of our Hotel. I was sitting with the Duchess, whose own emotions, on this occasion, I hope, prevented her from seeing mine.—For we had formed serious apprehensions for the safety of the Duke, which were confirmed by the proscriptions daily carrying on in Paris. Never did a happier trio sit down to dinner than ourselves: for the Duke is very affectionate to his mother, and to see her happiness must have contributed to his,

We have a very pleasant society here, and were it not for a sigh or two for lost friends, and past pleasures, and some few apprehensions of future misery, your friend might be said to be happy. Sometimes I wish I had remained in our peaceful convent; yet I fear even there, the sisterhood will not long remain in safety. Tell me what you are about, for nothing that relates to you can ever be indifferent to me.

When

When you left the convent, your mother's woman told you, it was to be married. We then laughed at the idle notion of a stranger, knowing this circumstance before you were informed of it.—I hope, however, that you have not had occasion to sigh since, at the information she then gave you. Do you remember the Duke de B***? He came once to see me with Robert: if I mistake not, you went down with me to the parlour of Madame Adelajde to receive them. It is impossible, if you have ever seen him, to forget his features. That was almost the first time, Jacqueline, I ever saw this amiable man—the impression then made, and since confirmed by reason, will ever remain indelible in the breast of your sincere friend,

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO THE

DUKE DE B***.

NOW that you are safe from the fangs of
tyranny and oppression, my heart is lighter
than

than whilst I contemplated what might be your fate, if distrust should point you out a victim to that eager desire of rapine and plunder that now marks the blood thirsty councils of France. We had both suffered too much anxiety whilst the flight of your mother and my sister were pending, as their departure was occasioned by our advice, for me again to hazard my opinion, where your life might be the forfeit of the failure: else would I have solicited you to accompany me to England. I cannot but say, that the receipt of your letter both gave me pleasure and pain. I will explain this paradoxical way of speaking.—To hear you were safe, gave me pleasure; but that my Adela trembled at your approach, gave me pain. You say you only thought so. I will believe it true; as love is ever quick-sighted. Her happiness is dear to me, so is yours, my dear B***, and I cannot see how they can be united. I would to heaven this was possible; then would the first wish of my heart be accomplished. To see my sister the wife of the first and only friend I ever possessed, would be true and solid felicity to me.—Once this might have been possible. My father used to contemplate in you a future son-in-law, and reckon on many days of happiness that would be passed with Adela and de B***. He pleased himself
in

in thought with future prospects. The fortune of my sister is now too confined to allow your marrying her. Would that of Montfort was equal to the raising her to what is expected by your union with the rich heiress of the house of Guzman.—You have no other resource than marrying her, as your possessions in France are too precarious to admit of delay. Think of this, and do not trifle with your own and my sister's happiness. She has a susceptible and a tender heart. Believe me, de B***, I do not suspect you of tampering with her affections. Friendship has no foe so ungenerous as mistrust. However you act, it will be most honourable. Your mother is set upon this match. It is her only hope. In this she sees the fallen fortunes of her house again raising their head. You are her only remaining child. How natural is it for the maternal breast to be anxious to see the object of its fondest hopes raised again to that affluence from which he is about to be torn, if not already deprived of that property which was the right of his ancestors. Think of this de B***. I am sure you will act with propriety. Regard Adela as the orphan daughter of a respected friend, and the sister of

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

Somerville Lodge.

THIS letter will find my gay and whimsical sister just entered into all the scenes of mirth and dissipation that Bath and its motley visitors present to a mind like hers, ever ready to be amused with the passing follies.

I who am a recluse expect to be entertained with whatever strikes you. It is a debt you owe to me, and you I know hate to be under an obligation: When I was in town with my mother, before you left your grand-mother, I always dedicated some moments of each day to you, in order to fill up the tedious hours of absence, and give you some idea of the metropolis, which Lady Leicester had determined you never, with her consent, should see. Indeed, my dear Susan, I am inclined to wish you never had seen this good woman. I am sure her notions are absurd; some of them do
not

not want sense, and her reasoning was good on some points: but I am convinced there is a middle course to be steered between that of being a slave, or a tyrant. I have no idea of a gentleman-like lady. Does it not disgust one in our theatres to see (as is often the custom now) a stout robust man in woman's cloaths acting a character, whilst a woman with a little shrill voice, is apeing that of a man? It is the same in real life, with this difference, that one is carried through life, while the other is only put on for the evening, and cast off with our cloaths. I fear that by pursuing this idle plan, you will trifle with your own happiness, and when too late become a rational being. I am led into this train of thinking by an observation I made in the few days I spent at Oakstock. This was, that Landsford's friend Robert de Montfort, is a sensible and amiable young man. I consider him as a kind of sacred character, rendered so by the misfortunes of his country and family: I perceived in him a disposition towards your Ladyship, which I must in sincerity say I was truly sorry for. Volatility is not his characteristic, or I am greatly mistaken. If my conjecture is well grounded, I beseech you, not to encourage an hopeless passion in this young man. It would be unbecoming the dignity of that character which you would wish

to

to assume. This, I know, you will think, very elder-sister like. I would have it so. I know but one folly you are guilty of; but that is so monstrous and giant-like, that I dread its progress. At this moment I have before my eyes, what contradicts all your system of the boasted rights of women: This is Lady Trentown sitting on a bank in her shrubbery, with her children playing round her, mending a paper kite for her eldest boy. Now this is degrading in your opinion. Women were made to share in all the councils of the state. Which would make the most feminine appearance, (I had forgot that your system hardly allows of distinction of sex,) your ladyship holding forth in Parliament on the boasted rights of *Magna Charta*, or Lady Trentown employed in the maternal duties watching over the health and pastimes of her lovely children? Perhaps one day I may surprize my sister so employed. I need not express the sincere delight this would give me,

I can tell you nothing like news, as all my friends are gone to town. I amuse myself with working, reading, and walking, as the weather and my humour permits—my little Fidelle is my only companion. Miss Miller is gone to Dublin, to spend some little time with your friend

friend Lady Frances Fitzarran. I dare say you will hear the news of Dublin from her. I have some hopes our mother will spend a few days with me, previously to her going to town. I wish she may; as I design some trifling improvement in the absence of my William; for as her taste is good, it would assist me in my determination.

Remember, I expect long letters. If you are angry with my admonitions, I will write in this strain no more: but leave time and good sense to effect what is so truly and ardently wished by your affectionate

SABINA SOMERVILLE.

MRS. EVELYN

TO

THE COUNTESS OF ALDBOROUGH.

Bath.

IT is with pleasure I inform you that I received Lady Susan last night at my house, in perfect health, attended by her brother and his friend the Count de Montfort. Both her

D 3

Ladyship

Ladyship and the Earl are greatly improved in person since I last saw them. Indeed that is no wonder, for it is five years since I saw the Earl, and nearly three since I met Lady Susan at Buxton with Lady Leicester. I shall endeavour to put these odd notions, imbibed from the opinions of an old superannuated woman, out of her head. She is, my dear Countess, just what I remember you to have been when we first met at St. James's on the day of presentation, when our mutual fears brought us acquainted. Lady Susan has not so much timidity in her disposition as you had then, I perceive. We shall endeavour to make Bath agreeable to her Ladyship. I could not prevail on the gentlemen to take up their abode with me. I suppose, they thought there would be too much restraint under the roof of an old Dowager: I did not insist, as I like every one to be at their ease. They are lodged in the square, and see us every day. All the unmarried dames are setting their caps at the Earl already. I have been looked after greatly since the arrival of my young friends. Lady Susan is in search of characters she says: I do not know any place in which she is so likely to succeed as Bath. I think you should have performed a half promise you made me, of coming here for a few weeks. Perhaps you will

will do this before the season be over, We are very full of company at present. As you say, this place is just calculated for me. As I should be much alone in an old family mansion, nobody would travel miles to pay a visit to an old woman; but, as they come here at any rate, the rules of good breeding will not let my old friends silently pass my door: so by this means I secure myself from neglect. You was so good as to enquire after my daughter Middleton: She is both well and happy, and as you supposed at Middleton-hall. She is attending her eldest daughter under inoculation. As soon as she is recovered they mean to pay me a visit here. I have, indeed, been very fortunate in both my children. My son is in Bengal, making, as I hear, (through the kindness of his father's friend the governor general) a rapid fortune: which he will have youth enough left to enjoy on his return to his native country. I am led to this reflection by my observation of so many gentlemen with worn out health, who resort to this place on their return from India, that I think would have done well to have spent their fortunes where they gained them, rather than at so advanced a period in life, have risked a change of climate; as that of India must have become from long residence necessary to their constitutions. I have
known

known some, whose good sense was too late convinced of this, return again to India. Edmond has, he tells me, never experienced any hurt from the climate. I hope he will not marry in India; not that I mean so on account of money; but that I have observed many ladies who have gone out to look for fortunes, on having found them, return haughty, upstart and conceited; with only this reason for their being so, that they had met with a fate, of which they were undeserving. My dear Countess, will think I have taken up sufficient of her time, and Lady Susan will be impatient to go to the rooms. Adieu then, my friend,

Your's,

ANN EVELYN.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUKE DE B***.

Bath.

WHY are you silent, my friend? I am not so uneasy at this, as I should be at another time;

time; because, I know, in the present state of things, your letters may be stopped, or many other mischances might happen. You will wonder to hear of my being at Bath, this I will soon explain to you. Landsford is here attending on Lady Susan, who is on a visit to a lady, a friend of the Countess. Being an idle fellow, and wishing to see as much as possible of this country, I have accompanied them here. At Bath, as at Aix-la-Chapelle, and other places of fashionable resort, you see the world under a sort of disguise: find those peculiarities that form a national character, are in a great measure lost, in that general and modish politeness, which assimilates the manners of people of quality very much to one another. I can easily discern features in the English, assembled at this rendezvous, that discriminate them from the neighbouring nations; particularly the French. They possess good nature, good sense, and great candour and probity of disposition. They are not very accessible to strangers: but the sincerity of their friendship is in proportion to the reserve with which they contract them. It is in provincial towns, villages, and hamlets, that I must learn the character of this nation. You shall hear, from time to time, the observations I make in a short tour.

Having

Having resolved then, to wander about for some days, regardless whither, and without any companion, or even servant, that I might with the greater freedom mingle with the country people, the great strength and support of every nation, I sallied forth from Bath mounted on a very stout Welch poney, and directed my course south and eastward through the Wiltshire downs, including the famous Salisbury plains, into that part of Hampshire which they call the New Forest. The route I pursued is one of the most interesting in England, and that on many accounts. Along the isthmus, extending from Southampton to Bridgewater, on the estuary of the Severn, and peninsulating Cornwall, Devonshire, and Dorsetshire, with part of Somersetshire and Wiltshire, lie the striking vestiges of a military pretenture, or ditch and rampart, once twenty feet high from the bottom of the ditch : which some reckon among the Roman, and others among the Danish antiquities of England. The nature of the ground and local situation destined this to be a theatre of contest between the natives of Britain and foreign invaders. Here probably the Britons made a stand against the Romans, and here, certainly the Saxons of the southern and western provinces of England made head, in many a desperate

perate conflict against the Danes. The whole extent of the space for several miles on either hand, is strewed with barrows or tumuli of various sizes, the burying places of thousands of foes and friends heaped without distinction, under the same accumulation of turf and stone. In countries enclosed, planted, or subdued by the plough, such remains of antiquity are demolished, or hid from the eye, by the laborious and restless hand of art. In those wide uncultivated plains, interspersed here and there only by a little cottage or hamlet, with a small stripe of oats or rye, the face of nature is preserved inviolate. You see nothing but the tumuli already mentioned, and the waving surface of the green earth, thinly scattered over with herds and flocks. You forget the busy city and town.—Even rural occupations and village gambols are unknown here—all is solitary and sad. Every object recalls to the imagination war and barbarism.—Here the mind becomes contemplative—that tumult of hopes and fears, of desires and aversions which make up the sum of human life, is arrested; and we revolve the fate of nations, and the destiny of the human race.

How differently the times and circumstances in which I, with many of my countrymen,
now

now make our appearance in this famed land, from those Norman conquerors, whom this forest and waste land bring to recollection. William the Conqueror, not content with those large forests, which the former King's possessed in all parts of England, resolved to make a new forest near Winchester, the usual place of his residence; and, for that purpose, he laid waste the country in Hampshire, and on the confines of Wiltshire, for an extent of thirty miles from east to west, and from fifteen to twenty from north to south. He expelled the inhabitants from their houses; seized their property; and made the sufferers no compensation for their conduct. At the same time he enacted new laws, by which he prohibited all his subjects from hunting in any of his forests, and rendered the penalties more severe than had ever been inflicted for such offences. The killing of a deer or boar, or even a hare, was punished with the loss of the delinquent's eyes; and that at a time when the killing of a man could be atoned for by paying a moderate fine or composition. Thus tyranny was exercised over the English, seven hundred years ago, by one man, as it is now in France, especially Brittany and Normandy, my native province, by thousands. Though the institutions of William the Conqueror, who introduced the
feudal

feudal or military system into England, on the ruins of the more simple and equal laws of the Saxons, have been gradually improved into a well compacted system of regulated liberty; there are several remains of an over-bearing power to be traced in the celebrated constitution of England; (for what human work can be expected to be altogether perfect?) but none so striking as the game laws, which, to the great mass of the people, cannot but appear odious and humiliating. Personal services, instead of pecuniary rents or contributions in warlike and rude times, were natural; and taxes, even heavy taxes, in a commercial age, and under an old government, are necessary to the maintenance of social order: but the heavy penalties that restrain the people from catching or seizing animals unappropriated, and which, by the wildness of their nature, cannot be appropriated to any master, seems to be an unnecessary act of wantonness; and extremely impolitic too, particularly in times of commotion: for, whereas men find an excuse for pecuniary imposts in the public exigencies, they are like William Tell, the father of Helvetic freedom, roused to indignation by sportive oppression*.

It

* The Swiss had continued long under little else than a nominal subjection—the Burgundians and Germans, when,
about

It is also to be observed, that the restraint in question, is more grievous and insolent in the present, than it formerly was in feudal and more turbulent times.

When the leaders of those Tartarian hordes, which, in the third and fourth centuries came to settle the economy of a vanquished country, their policy led them to keep the native peasants in as low a condition as possible, and especially to prohibit them from the use of arms. Nothing could be better adapted for this purpose

about the year 1300, the Emperor Albert I. treated them with so much rigour, that they petitioned him against the cruelty of his governor. This served only to add to the hardships of the people. One of Albert's Austrian governors Grissler, in the wantonness of tyranny, set up a hat upon a pole; to which he ordered the natives to pay as much respect as to himself. One William Tell being observed to pass frequently without taking notice of the hat, and being an excellent marksman, the tyrant condemned him to be hanged, unless he cleft an apple upon his son's head, at a certain distance, with an arrow. Tell cleft the apple, and on Grissler's asking him the meaning of another arrow which he saw stuck in his belt, he bluntly answered, that it was intended for his (Grissler's) heart, if he had killed his son. Tell, upon this, was condemned to prison: but he made his escape, and watching an opportunity, shot the tyrant, and thereby brought to maturity a plan which had been for some time in agitation among the chief men for the recovery and establishment of liberty.

than

than a prohibition of hunting and sporting. The right of indulging in these pleasures was therefore reserved to themselves, and those on whom they chose to bestow it; which were only the capital feudatories or greater Barons. And accordingly we find, in the feudal constitutions, one and the same law, prohibiting the peasantry or actual cultivators of the soil, from carrying arms; and prosecuting the use of nets, snares, or other engines for destroying the game. The spirit of the game laws, in those times, therefore is obvious: it was in the same spirit undoubtedly, and not from a spirit of unnecessary and wanton insolence, that so wise and politic a prince as William the conqueror, laid his newly-acquired subjects, with regard to hunting, under still closer restrictions than his predecessors of the British, and even of the Saxon line.

In the time of the Britons, who derived much of their subsistence from the chace, the whole island was replenished with all sorts of game, and all the inhabitants, like the back settlers in America at this day, were at liberty to pursue it. But under the Saxon government, when lands began to be inclosed and cultivated, the wild and untameable animals naturally fled into the woody and desert tracts, which, as they were

were not disposed of in the first distribution of lands, were held to belong to the sovereign, who reserved, on pain of a pecuniary forfeiture, the game in which they abounded for his own use and diversion: but, still every freeholder had a right of sporting upon his *own territories*, provided he abstained from the king's forests. Upon the Roman conquest, however, a new doctrine took place, and the liberty of pursuing and taking such animals as were accounted game, was then held to belong to the king only, or such as acted under his authority.

This long digression to the Roman conquest, royal forests, the feudal system, and the game laws, may appear somewhat odd. But it is obtruded by the wild, yet interesting scene that surrounds me, and will serve as a natural introduction to some farther circumstances, and some amusing enough facts which I shall relate in some other letters. Adieu, my friend, for the present,

Your's,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

ROBERT AND ADELA.

THE DUKE DE B***

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

COULD not you put idleness into the catalogue, Robert, when you were making your calculations concerning what might occasion the delay in our correspondence? Had you done so, you would have been right in your conjectures. I am become careless, stupid, inattentive; in short I am good for nothing. My mother is angry with me. The lady Theresa Guzman is affronted, and the gentle Adela sighs. You are, no doubt, surprized to hear that the fair Spaniard is at Lausanne. In truth this surprized me: but so it is. The Spaniards were not wont to be so condescending. She is not the woman for me; nor could the wealth of worlds, were she in possession of them, prevail over me to unite my fate with hers; in short my fate on this point is decided. Was it necessary, do you think, my friend, to put me on my guard with regard to Adela? Did you suspect that I could ever forget who I myself am?

If

If I keep in remembrance this, it is not likely I shall forget the respect due to my friends, either dead or alive? Forgive me! I perhaps reply too severely to a brother anxious for the peace of a beloved sister; but of this be assured, I will use no means improper to gain her affections. But was I certain I were in the possession of them, I can only say I should be too happy: exile with her is preferable to splendour and all its ideal train of parade without her. However, be easy Robert, I intend to quit Lausanne as soon as I can bring my mind to such a state as to be able to speak with the Duchess on the subject. My mother informed me on my arrival, that she had some expectation of a visit from this fair cousin of mine; which immediately determined me to quit Lausanne as soon as possible. But before I had been here three days arrives a courier with the news that the Lady Theresa and her maiden aunt, who is sister to my mother, were on their journey hither, and might be expected on the morrow. This brought on a serious conversation with the Duchess; in which she recounted to me my own misfortunes, both past and in prospect. She then gave me an account of the immense wealth of Don Guzman, her brother, and of the reputed charms and accomplishments of her niece; both of which were designed for me: she entreated

me not to disappoint her hopes in this match—there was no other way to repair my ruined fortune, and to reinstate me in my former situation. She looked, Robert, as if she feared a disappointment, and cut off the conversation with saying, “I do not ask for a reply, my son, “until you have considered the matter, and “have seen Lady Theresa,” she then left me to “my reflections; they were not of the most pleasing kind. Never did criminal await his doom with more anxiety than did I the arrival of this damsel: not but that I was before determined; but I hoped to find in her what would be my excuse; for if she was amiable and interesting, I did not know how to affront my mother and her family by a refusal. At length I was summoned to attend in the drawing-room the arrival of Lady Theresa. When she was announced, it was impossible to picture the anxiety of my mother’s countenance—she watched mine closely. The door opened, and in walked a stately old lady, and after her a tall majestic figure, without one amiable trait in her countenance; a dead fallow complexion, which was almost hid under an enormous quantity of rouge: She paid her respects gracefully enough to my mother; I was then introduced to my aunt, and then to her ladyship, and in five minutes my mind was made up on the subject, and I set
down

down perfectly quiet. Lady Theresa seemed to say, by her manners, why are not you enraptured? Why don't you adore the heiress of the House of Guzman? She is proud, vain, and conceited—and may carry herself and her riches back to some of the Dons she has left fighting behind in Spain; as Donna Isabella, my aunt, informed me that half the cavaliers in Madrid broke their hearts on her departure. She has ogled, talked, played, sung, danced, &c. but I will not part with my liberty to her. This you will say is madness. I received a most flattering and kind letter from my uncle Don Guzman, excusing himself from attending his daughter to Lausanne, as his attendance on the Court would not permit him to quit Madrid, but hoping I might be prevailed on to escort the ladies on their return. My mother had another letter, making the most unbounded offers, should I like to espouse his daughter. So I suppose the inclinations of the poor girl were not consulted in the least. I pray that she may have left her heart with some whisker'd Don: that being the case, we may contrive to set aside the plans of the old folks. I have some thoughts of coming over to England. It is a land I admire. Every one is happy or unhappy in his own way. You say you went to Bath because Landsford went thither to attend his sister. Do you not
find

find your attendance necessary also, Robert? Are you in love with Lady Susan, and is she cruel or kind? I cannot write another sentence. My mother is called for, Adela is ill. Adieu.

Your's,

DE B***.

To ease your apprehensions, Adela is better, only a sudden faintness seized her, occasioned by the heat of the weather.

MISS FITZARRAN

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

The Black Rock.

Were I not long acquainted with your disposition, and know that you say many things sportively, but never with intention to wound, I should be seriously displeased with your last letter. You will say, perhaps, were I so, I should act with injustice, having asked you to let me

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E

know

know the idle rumour of the day. But my friend I do not ask you to comment upon it with quite so much humour. However, I forgive you, and most heartily wish no worse misfortune may ever befall our family, than what you describe as possible. This will surprise you I doubt not. I will own that I was surprized in my turn to find Lady Susan Spencer entertain so illiberal an opinion as to rank a gentleman among the menials of the family, only because fortune had been forgetful of his merits. That "man's manners makes the man," is an old saying, and why should they not constitute the gentleman? For, however high our birth, without these we should certainly be little superior to brutes. Mr. Harrowby, whom the world has given me for a father, is certainly a most accomplished scholar and gentleman—and I entertain the highest respect for his many virtues. My mother is much recovered both in health and spirits. I shall not trouble her with the opinions of the world; she is superior to them all, and will always, I am persuaded, act with propriety. I hear from Miss Miller, who arrived here last night, that you are on the wing for Bath in search of new conquests: I wish you to make one deserving of you. My brother says you will marry some rake or other, he is sure, as he never saw any of you difficult ladies but blundered

ered at last either on a rake or a fool. I shall leave you to fight out this battle with him. I have been greatly occupied lately in attendance on a most beautiful and amiable friend, who is languishing on a sick bed, and is like Juliet, "past hope; past cure." She is anxiously waiting the stroke of death that is to join her to her beloved Albert. Her story is short, but not the less affecting.

Sarah S**** is the daughter of the Dean of D****. She last winter at Bath met with Alfred Walton, the son of a gentleman of considerable fortune in the North of England. They soon saw and admired the many amiable qualities distinguishable in both. A mutual passion was lighted up in their breast, which, two months spent in the society of each other, confirmed. No sooner was this perceived by the Dean, than he waited on Mr. Walton for an explanation of his intentions; for, as he was an unexceptionable young man, either as to morals or fortune, he had but one point to carry, and the young folks were to be allowed to be happy in their own way. The Dean had an eye to a bishopric. Walton's father could send two members to Parliament; these, under a right direction, might place the long-wished for mitre on the head of the Dean. What is the happiness

ness of a daughter, when put in competition with this beloved object? Walton knew his family had always been in the Opposition, and that his father was, and would be, firm as a rock to the cause he had espoused; and, but to breathe a thought like that of changing sides (a thing quite fashionable in the present day) was to forfeit all claim to his regard. To give up the hope of calling the lovely Sarah his, was what he dreaded to think of! In this dilemma he thought it best to temporise a little. He returned suitable acknowledgments to the Dean for his favourable opinion of him. And did not hesitate to say, if it lay within his own abilities to make an instant reply, every thing that the Dean wished should be directly accommodated: that on his return to the North he would speak with his father on the subject, and he hoped that he should be able to promise the boroughs to the friends of the Dean—he himself knew no party when the woman of his heart was at stake. This procured him access to the lovely Sarah. When they parted, he to go to the North on an hopeless errand, as he well knew, and she to attend her father thither, they exchanged mutual vows of constancy. And, by permission of the Dean, they kept up a regular correspondence, until pressed to return an answer on the
favourite

favourite point. This had been delayed to the last moment. Mr. Walton had once ventured to speak on the subject to his father, who cut him short by saying, "No more of this, Alfred"—let me hear no more of it. It is not in the power of man to change my principles, much less a silly girl." This he wrote to the wretched Sarah, in a letter replete with genuine tenderness and sorrow: praying her to use her interest with the Dean, to beg him to forget ambition and to let filial tenderness hold the place where politics had such possession. The Dean insisted on seeing this letter. And now ashamed that his daughter should see that he preferred his own interest to her happiness, he caught hold of the Elder Walton's expression, saying "much less a silly girl,"—and said, "no man who thought so contemptibly of the sense of his daughter, should be allied to her." And then Young Walton's desiring to beg him to forget ambition, and let filial tenderness hold its place, was a crime never to be forgiven. "A boy," he said, "attempt to teach him his duty was insufferable arrogance." Sarah was commanded, never, on pain of eternal displeasure, to answer that impertinent letter—"Nay, never to think of Walton more." This last interdiction was impossible. He was the husband of her heart, and had been sanctioned as such by her parent.

She

She knew not of any bargain to be ratified. Mr. Walton had looked upon the proposal as coming from a Divine, in such a point of view, that he wished to avoid degrading the Dean in the opinion of his daughter, until he was obliged to make the conditions known, in order that her influence might be used to obviate the objection. In short, both fathers remained inexorable. The lovers, by means of a faithful servant, continued to correspond, until Alfred could no longer write. A rapid consumption brought him to the brink of the grave. His father, who tenderly loved this his only son, and with grief watched the progress of his equally deceitful and destructive disorder, had hoped that time, youth, and the efforts of the best physicians, would restore his son. But now, being convinced that the wound was beyond the reach of any of these remedies, he turned his thoughts on what was best to be done: and at length determined on a visit to this country, in order to see if it was possible to bring over the Dean to consent to an union, leaving all politics at a distance. Through the interference of a mutual friend and the tears and entreaties of Sarah, the Dean consented to the union. Mr. Walton and the Dean, with the happy Sarah, set out for Castle Hilton, without apprizing Alfred. On their arrival, they found him so
much

much worse, that it was feared the sight of his lovely mistress would affect him too much if it was not managed with great delicacy. This was accordingly done. He heard of their arrival with much transport, and directed that he might be got up and dressed, in order to receive them: he was so. The Dean was first introduced, who was much shocked to see the ravages this disorder had made on the person and countenance of so fine a young man. Sarah fainted in the arms of her father at the first sight of him. Alfred's agitation at seeing this, affected him so much that he was carried to bed. Sarah, as soon as recovered, begged that she might be permitted again to see him. This she was allowed; and, about eight o'clock the same evening, he expired in her arms. The conflict had been too severe—Think, my dear Lady Susan, the situation of my friend. She was carried insensible to another apartment; where she lay for two months nearly in a state of insensibility. The Dean and Mr. Walton were almost distracted; mourning the fatal inflexibility of the one, and the folly of ambition in the other. As soon as Sarah could with safety be removed, the Dean brought her home, the skeleton of her former self. A settled melancholy has taken possession of her, and by slow and certain degrees is hastening her to that grave in which she

she hopes again to be united to her Alfred.— I spend some hours every day at the Deanery, in fruitless endeavours to amuse my friend. She is now confined to her bed, and quite happy, she says, as she sees the period of her sufferings. Now Miss Miller is here, I shall not be able to devote quite so much of my time to Sarah : but she has many friends equally anxious with myself. Her father breaks fast, and will not survive her loss. Ambition ! what sacrifices have been made at thy altar ! may this be the last, prays.

Your affectionate,

FRANCES FITZARRAN.

JACQUILINE ST. PRIEUX

to

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

INDEED, Adela, I thought you had forgotten me, and that our friendship had closed with the gates of the convent. Most truly I am happy in finding my notion groundless, and that Adela still continues to look on me as her sister and her friend. Do you remember the day
previous

previous to our parting? the many projects we then formed while walking in the grove of palm-trees opposite to the window of Madame Adelaide? We there vowed to participate in the joys and sorrows that might attend us in that world to which we were both equally strangers. Our vows were made at the foot of the grave of our departed friend, St. Clair. And we then invoked her, as an angel, to register them in Heaven. Let us believe this done, and our vows sacred. Your prospects, my Adela were once bright. Returning reason in the breasts of our misguided countrymen may yet clear the prospect. In the mean time I am most happy to find you are under the protection of the good Duchesse de B***. You ask me if I remember the Duke in his visit to you? Certainly I do. Never having beheld a more animating or a more interesting form, except that of your brother, whom he accompanied. A more perfect form than Robert de Montfort I have never seen. The sincere affection which beamed in his fine eyes, for his lovely sister, rendered him particularly interesting. I then sighed to think that I had no brother: no Robert de Montfort to be the friend and director of my inexperience. That this amiable young man is gone to England I am very sorry to hear. I should not wish him to marry an English-woman (not but

I greatly admire their general character). They, as well as we, are formed by education: which being totally different; their dispositions might not so easily accord, as those brought up in the same habits and manners. I would have the brother of my Adela happy—he is the only natural friend she has, though many will dispute that name with him; amongst which number I shall always be foremost. You will say I continue as usual more busied in the affairs of others than my own. I shall endeavour to give you a little sketch of my history since we parted. If I cannot finish it in this letter, I will give you another by the next post.

You will remember that my mother's woman came to fetch me from the convent, and that she told me I was to be married within a short time. This we both heard with surprise. As soon as I was seated in the carriage I enquired to whom my father had destined me as a partner for life. She said this was a secret as yet; but that it would be disclosed on my arrival at home, she had not the least doubt. Thus in uncertainty, and forming a thousand conjectures, I passed on until I reached the Castle of Salens. There I met a numerous assemblage of relatives, who had been summoned to pass judgment on your poor Jacqueline. I knew
not

not that there were any company, and eagerly flew to the drawing-room, where I understood my father then was. He met me with a smile, and presented me to the company, as a young novice just escaped from my convent. My lady mother-in-law welcomed me to Salens with much politeness, but I did not observe any affection. A tall lean figure of a man about forty was now presented to me. He viewed me through a glass, that was suspended round his neck with a black ribband—After attentively surveying my person from head to foot, he said to my father, “Indeed, Sir, your daughter is a most charming girl, and the matter “is concluded”—making me a most profound bow, he retired to the other end of the room, where sat my mother. I then went through a general introduction and compliments of the rest of my relations; and was permitted to retire in order to change my dress. I intended to make the business of the toilette very short. But my mother’s woman came and told me that I must allow her to dress me, that a most fashionable dress had been procured from Paris by my mother, and that I was to put it on that evening. This was brought to me, and indeed it was quite superb. I sat down well pleased to be thus adorned, and I laughed heartily to think how you would have been surprized to meet her whom

whom you had parted with but a few hours before, dressed in a plain gown and round cap, accoutred like one of your Parisian opera dancers; and I assure you a little rouge was not omitted to make the comparison more just. Vanity stepped in, and I was pleased with myself.—“Now, Miss,” said La Maire, as she drew on my gloves, “now you look like Madame la Comtesse indeed.—What Madame la Comtesse do you, mean?” said I. “Why,” said she, “I mean the Countess de Montmorin.” And why “like her?” replied I, “I never saw her in my life.” “Well then (said La Maire) I will lay a good wager I shew her to you within this month, though I do not at present know any such lady.” I was summoned down stairs, but could make nothing of my last conversation with La Maire. I again entered the drawing-room—but not in silence as before; for every voice, as if by one consent, pronounced me charming, lovely, &c. and in short our language hardly furnished them words wherewith to celebrate my praises. My father approached me, and, taking my hand, whispered me, “Jacquiline I congratulate you on having gained the heart of Monsieur le Count de Montmorin, one of the richest and most accomplished noblemen in France.”

In a moment, what I had heard in my dressing-room, was explained to me.—“Me,” said I to myself, “Madame la Countess de Montmorin! Surely my father can never intend that old fright for his daughter!” I looked at him and he became a thousand times more disagreeable at every glance. He joined the party in which I then was, and began to address himself to me, talked of our convent, praised the goodness of Madame Adelaide, to whom he had been known previously to her embracing a monastic life.

I began to think that he was not quite so disagreeable whilst speaking in the praise of our good Superior: but, when he passed from her eulogium to that of my own, I found him again relapse into ugliness. On the rest of the company's taking leave, I found he was a visitor at the castle. When they prepared to go down to supper, I begged permission to retire, and was allowed to leave them. I hurried to my mother's apartment, and enquired of La Maire what she knew as to myself and this Count, for that now her riddle was explained.—“No thing more,” replied she, “but that your father intends you for the wife of the Count; to whom, as I understand, he is greatly indebted.”—“For what good, La Maire? Can
“ his

"his debt be paid only by my hand." That she knew nothing about, and I retired to rest most melancholy, wishing for my Adela; and enjoying the calm contentment she enjoyed in the convent of St. Clair. I have been thus particular in the description of the first evening, after my arrival. You know you said you should like to know what I did and said during all that day, as your thoughts would follow me constantly; and, I believe, I promised to write you circumstantially every event. This I did the next morning, but was told that your father was no more; and that you had been called to France a few days after we parted. I then expected a letter from you. I need not say how happy I am made by receiving it, though late:—I will resume my pen in a few days; in the mean time, believe me, truly

Your's,

JACQUILINE ST. PRIEUX.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

AM I not very good to leave my destined husband, in order to keep my engagement with my Adela, of finishing my little story by the next post?

The morning after my arrival, my father came to my dressing-room, and informed me that he had sent for me home in order to be married to the Count de Montmorin, should he be as much pleased with my appearance as he had been with my picture. I did not know for what that picture was designed when I sat for it, or I would have made my face as frightful as possible. The Count, my father said, was in raptures at my appearance. He hoped I would have no objections to becoming the wife of this nobleman:—It was an honour to which the first families in France had aspired but without success. This was left for his Jacqueline. I replied, that I thought the proposal rather sudden;

den; that I had scarce seen the Count or he me; that if I had not been greatly mistaken he looked to me some years older than my father. —“Talk not to me of age!” said he—“Jacqueline, you have no fortune, the Count wants none; think of this and act with that obedience which becomes my daughter. To-morrow morning I will see you here again, and inform you of what more it may be proper you should be informed.”—He then left me alone. When I began to revolve in my mind what he had been saying to me: “That I had no fortune,” astonished me; as I had ever been considered as the heiress of the house of Salens. How this was I could not tell, nor durst I enquire, as my father never allowed his will to be disputed, and my mother kept me at too great a distance to request the wished-for information from her. I considered my father’s words over and over again. The count de Montmorin seemed to possess good humour, I thought, which was more than my father did; and, if I must be for ever under authority, I thought it best to be so with the certainty of being, in some degree, my own mistress, and not at the mercy of that capricious goddess Fortune, to leave me in the lurch. Besides, by giving my hand to the Count, I should again meet my Adela, the sister of my heart. And I determined

mined to see this Count with a favourable eye, and bring myself to receive him as a lover with a good grace. I must own this resolution cost me some little struggle—That being over, I determined not to give myself time to think for a moment but to submit to my father's will. I spent the next day with my family and the Count: we had no other company; he endeavoured to render himself pleasing, and succeeded so well that I retired to rest satisfied with my determination. The next morning my father was faithful to his promise, and was in my dressing-room by nine o'clock. He assured me, that my behaviour the preceding night had been such as greatly pleased him, and the Count requested me to name an early day for the completion of his happiness. I then told him that it was in obedience to his commands I had determined to submit to the marriage proposed; but that I must say, it would have rendered me truly grateful had I been permitted to refuse the honour intended me. As the case was, I left it entirely to him, only praying him not to hasten my union with the Count, as we knew very little of each other yet, and perhaps hereafter, when irremediable, we might both have cause to regret our haste. He left me seemingly pleased with this answer. In about an hour I received a message from the Count, desiring permission
to

to see me in my father's library. This request I immediately complied with—my father took my hand on my entering, and led me to the Count, saying, my Lord, my daughter must thank you, in my name, for your goodness—I have some little business with my steward and will wait on you again presently. We were left alone: the Count began the conversation by saying, that he considered himself singularly happy in gaining the hand of so charming a woman; that it should be his future study to deserve a heart so invaluable as mine, that my father had named that day fortnight for our union; and if I made no objection he proposed carrying me to the chateau of Montmorin on the next day after; and that my father and mother would accompany us. I replied, that it should be as my father pleased. He then gave me a description of his houses both at Montmorin and Paris; and painted, in glowing colours, the pleasures that would await me at each of these places. Since my lot was inevitable I endeavoured to reconcile myself to it, and determined as I was to be the wife of the Count, not to let him see that it was done with reluctance. My mother is continually filling my ears with the grandeur of the connection, the riches of the Count, and the splendid scene on which I am going to enter. A week had passed, when a
courier

courier came in haste to inform the Count that his brother lay at the point of death. This he heard with extreme sorrow, promised to return as soon as possible, and left us. I must say, my Adela, that the first pleasing emotion he had inspired me with, was that of seeing his carriage drive down the avenue that led from the castle to the road. I felt as if an inconceivable load was removed from my spirits. This I believe my father perceived; but he did not seem to notice it. However, the next day brought a letter to my father, and another to myself, saying, that the Count had found his brother better, the disorder having taken a favourable turn, and that he hoped to return in a week or less to his adorable bride. He was detained a fortnight, but yesterday he returned.—And on Wednesday next your Jacqueline resigns her liberty. The nearer this dreaded day approaches the more unhappy am I: It cannot be avoided, I am not possessed with a spirit to contend. My father is in great spirits, my mother has given up a little of her natural hauteur, and they are all anxious to make me happy. The Count has brought me a profusion of jewels, I have also those which belonged to my mother. Cannot you leave the Duchesse de B*** for a few days? I mentioned you to the Count, who was delighted to find that you was my friend—
your

—Your father and himself were in the strictest habits of intimacy. The reason why he never saw you was, that he was abroad on an embassy when you were young, and did not return until you had left home for the convent of St. Clair. I shall expect to share your society with the Duchess de B***. The thought of this almost reconciles me to giving my hand, where my heart is not yet interested; do not let me meet a disappointment. The Count's carriage will attend you on Monday morning. Tell the Duchess not to refuse me your company. It shall be for as long or as short time as she pleases.

Your's, for the last time,

JACQUILINE ST. PRIEUX.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO THE

DUKE DE B****.

Bath.

I AM still here looking after amusement, and indeed one need not be very industrious in the search in this city of gaiety and dissipation. But it is not pleasure of this kind that I am in quest of. It is the history civil and natural of the country and its antiquities of which I am anxious to acquire a just idea, but particularly the manners of the people. In my last I gave you an account of my first ramble; I don't know whether you was ever in this part of England; I don't remember hearing you speak of Bath, and you must have done so had you seen it.

I perceive you are angry with me in your last letter. I have no doubt of my friend's honor,
and

and you yourself allow that I may be allowed to have some anxiety when the happiness of a beloved sister is at stake. My interference is in vain, you love her De B**** ! I see you do; I am become very quick sighted, since I am become lover myself. To see Lady Susan Spencer and not love her were to be an insensible. Do not think me a vain coxcomb; but her attentions make me proud, and to you I may whisper, that I am not indifferent to her. Landsford has congratulated me upon having made an impression on her heart: a heart that has been so guarded against our sex, she says, that I am the first Frenchman she ever thought agreeable. I am envied by all the men in Bath, as I am always honored with her hand at the rooms. Landsford bids me be cautious, because she is so capricious that she would start at the idea of being betrayed into love. I think that they have mistaken her character: she appears to be one of the best informed and most accomplished women I have ever seen. She has a natural pride in her carriage that I think not unbecoming in a woman. Her manners are the most enchanting I ever beheld; and she leaves all her sex far behind as to beauty. This you will consider as exaggerated praise: it is not so. I sometimes wonder

wonder and question myself, if it be possible that I can be so happy. The only uneasy sensation I experience at present is on your account, my friend.

I know how much the happiness of your revered mother depends on an union with Lady Theresa, your cousin. How is it possible to break off the match, without offending all your relations?—Consider, de B****, your fortune depends, at present, on a thread; and that is about to be cut asunder by those plunderers of our wretched country. They are about to confiscate the property of those who have fled from their merciless decrees. This they will do—they will add rapine to murder until the measure of their crimes draw down the vengeance of offended Heaven, which will in due time sweep them from the earth. The time may come when the lilies of France shall wave their heads in triumph over the tombs of its tyrants. Long may the contest last ere Fate decides the victory to Justice. Then do not throw away that fortune which awaits you. My Adela is rich in nothing but virtues—would she had a mine for her dower, then should she own herself repaid by your heart for the exchange. I wish, as it is, that she were removed from your sight. I have often thought of soliciting
the

the protection of the countess of Aldborough for her. Write, and tell me you have decided as prudence directs, and that you will espouse the Spaniard. I will then remove my sister to England. Her heart is susceptible, and I doubt not, has received an impression in your favour. I would not have her be the painful witness of your giving your hand to your cousin. She shall not be made acquainted why I wish for her in England. I can frame many reasons for quitting France. However, your answer shall determine me: as believe me, when I say, that the happiness of you both is equally dear to me with my own.

Your's,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUKE DE B***.

Oakhampton, Devon.

I HAVE directed my second ramble in this very singular country, where a very changeable climate, freedom of government, and a more equal distribution of wealth than is known in France, or any country under unlimited monarchy, conspire to produce a great number of *humorists*. This is a term to which there is nothing perfectly synonymous in the French language—it means a person who is very little, if at all, influenced by fashion in dress, opinions, or manner of life: who thinks for himself, and in every thing takes his own way. A humorist is, in general, a man or woman who possesses originality of genius, and at bottom a great fund of benevolence and philanthropy, under the garb of a contempt and aversion to the greater part of mankind, and the common ways of the world. For, however paradoxical it may appear, the misanthrope is commonly in reality, and certain-

ly was, in all cases, originally a person of a social, sympathetic, and generous disposition. An excess of sensibility, arising from a nervous delicacy of constitution, renders the misanthrope feelingly, and almost tremulously, alive to human perfections and imperfections, virtues and vices. But such is the selfishness and consequent injustice and ingratitude of the generality of mankind, that the indignation of the man of feeling is oftener provoked by unworthy and base, than his complacency called forth by good and great actions. Hence the tone of his mind, from an habitual exercise of disapprobation and contempts, assume an air of misanthropy: while the latent spark of social sympathy and sensibility, that rendered him so vulnerable by the iniquities of his fellow men is ready to break forth in a bright flame, whenever triumphant injustice provokes his indignation, or the picture of human distress casts a veil for a time over his recollection of the great depravity of human nature.

You see, my friend, that I am in a philosophising strain: but, remember that I am in a country of philosophers; the country in which our MONTESQUIEU said, "a traveller might learn to think." I will now relieve you from
this

this grave meditation, by a description of the character that gave it birth.

As in my first excursion I took a south and easterly, so in my last I pursued a south and westerly course. Having passed some days at the Hot-Wells of Bristol, I travelled, by slow and easy journies into Devonshire; which, for mildness and salubrity of climate (being well advanced in the English channel, and open to the genial influence of southern and westerly winds) as well as for a beautiful intermixture of verdant hills and fertile plains, and abundance in all the necessaries and comforts of life *, is accounted the finest province in England. Here I might attempt to communicate to your mind those delightful emotions that were produced in my mind by the natural scenery of this charming country, cloathed all the year round with never-fading verdure. But it is impossible to convey, by mere description, ideas in any

F 2

degree

* In consequence of its maritime situation between the British and St. George's Channel. This country has lately been described by the Rev. Mr. Polwhele, with the accuracy of an antiquarian, the precision of a philosopher, and the animation of a poet. This gentleman has, also, with equal felicity and propriety, called in the aid of the pencil and graving tool.

degree equal to the impressions made on the mind by external objects. If they are general, the ideas they convey are very imperfect pictures, and want the discriminating and characteristic features of the original. If they are minute and accurate, you lose the united effect of a thousand circumstances, which may be perceived at once by the eye; but which are not to be communicated at second-hand, otherwise than by detail, and that in a very inadequate manner. For this reason I have often wondered that so many travellers, persons of good sense, as well as lively genius should fatigue themselves and the readers of their narratives with minute local descriptions. This may recall faint ideas of past impressions on their own minds, but cannot produce any just conception of those impressions in the minds of others. Such descriptions may set our fancy to work, and enable us to create scenes for our own amusement, which, however, can never be very lively: but the resemblance of these, to the original, must always be confused and unsatisfactory.

On the confines of Devonshire and Cornwall, having left my servant with the horses at a little hedge-row ale-house, I ascended a gentle but lofty eminence; verdant to the very summit, and
studded

studded, as it were with sheep and bleating lambs. Among other objects I was struck with the appearance of a noble mansion insulated from all hamlets, villages and towns by an immense wilderness of waste. There was not a house or cottage, in any direction, beyond the precincts of the park, in which it stood, within less than the space of five miles. This desert was a dryheath, striped here and there with small morasses, and interspersed with trees. The farmers on the out skirts of this vast common had a right of turning out cattle to graze on it: but it was of such extent that the sheep and cattle confined their walks within the tracts nearest to their pennis and stalls, their homes in the severity of winter; so that the central parts of this uncultivated plain, for some miles around the park, were the habitations of hares, rabbits, and various kinds of wild-fowl. I determined to penetrate to the romantic mansion that so powerfully solicited my attention, by the striking contrast exhibited in its situation.—I returned to the hedge-row ale-house. It was by this time about twelve o'clock; I and my servant had some eggs and bacon for a refreshment; and we gave our horses bread and beer, after they had been fed for some hours with green clover. As I sat regaling myself, for I was well
 appetized

appetized, with this homely fare, I enquired of my landlord, who, at the same time that he kept this little inn, pursued the occupation of a shoe-maker, concerning the history of the park, and of its owner. He said that he did not know if the park had any Christian name; that it was called by the country people ARABIA; and that both house and park, with the lofty tower that stood on a height in the middle, was the work of its present proprietor, Lord Mount-Garth: who, though he inherited estates in Hampshire, Suffex, and Norfolk, countries highly cultivated and enlivened by the residence of very gentle and noble families, to the amount of twenty thousand a year, had chosen to live in that desert place in order to avoid company, to which (though he had heard, that he was a good kind of man, at bottom, and never racked his rents or squeezed his tenants) he had conceived an insurmountable aversion. He could tell me no further particulars; but said, that I might be informed of every thing, if any curiosity should lead me to Arabia, at a small inn on the road, that led to that place, and which was the only house within many miles around.—I cannot continue this letter longer at this time with convenience to myself, nor, I fear with any entertainment or patience to you: besides, the post is
just

just setting out, and I am unwilling to let more time elapse without letting you hear from

Yours,

R. DE MONTFORT.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

HAVING arrived at the small inn above mentioned, we were welcomed by the landlady, a very cheerful old woman, "who supposed," she said, "that we had come to see the place." "And why not, my good woman, the owner of the place, Lord Mount-Garth"—"Sir," said she, "you must be a great stranger in this country?"—I replied, without hesitation, "that I was, and that I imagined she had discovered this circumstance from my foreign accent and manner of speaking."—"No!" said she, "not on that account: for I have heard as strange *lingos* among our near neighbours the Cornish, the Welsh, and Gloucestershire men; but because you talk of your having come,

"may-hap,

“ may-hap, to see Lord Mount-Garth, who, as
“ is very well known to all Devonshire—Aye,
“ and all the countries round about has not
“ seen a stranger these twenty years.”—I confessed that it was merely to see the place that I had come; and that I should be glad if I could get some person to shew me both the house and the garden. This she informed me would be easily obtained; but before any body should be admitted within the gates, an hour’s warning was required by his Lordship, that he might have time to hide himself.—To hide himself! I exclaimed: and protested that I did not wish to gratify my curiosity at the expence of any degree of uneasiness or inconvenience to that nobleman.—“ Sir,” said she, “ your viewing the house and park will give his Lordship no sort of uneasiness: on the contrary,
“ it would give him much chagrin, if he should
“ be informed that any gentleman should have
“ taken a journey to see the castle, and returned, as the saying is, without his errand.
“ But, as it may happen, that he may have
“ strolled without the walls of the garden,
“ though there is no great chance of that neither; it is necessary that he have time to
“ make his retreat.”—I had not remained an hour in various chit-chat with my hostess, and
her

her domestics (who, were all of them her grand-children) when the youngest of them, a fine young lad of about thirteen years old, returned from the castle, accompanied by the old game-keeper, who shewed me all the place: in which there was little very remarkable, besides the immense extent of the park; the vast desert that surrounded it; and the height of the tower, which commanded a vast extensive prospect of distant parts, and beautiful home-view of wood and water, and variegated fields, producing crops of grain and various kinds of horses, cattle and sheep.—My Cicerone was a hale old man, as he told me, about eighty years of age, with an activity, and a cheerfulness of aspect that would not have disgraced the inhabitants of a great city at the age of forty: such are the blessed effects of innocence and regularity of life, free air and manly exercise!—After wandering and loitering about this ARABIA Felix, this paradise, for several hours, I made an offer to my good old conductor of a small pecuniary compensation for the great good humour with which he had undergone a great deal of trouble in order to oblige me. This he positively declined to accept. Lord Mount-Garth, he said, who paid all his servants with great liberality, and never

turned them out of his house, either in sickness or old age, extorted from them a promise, even with the solemnity of an oath, that they would not accept from strangers the smallest sum of money—I then invited him to partake with me of such a repast, at the inn or alehouse, as it could afford; adding that this I feared would be rather indifferent.—He accepted my invitation with equal modesty and good manners—And, to my great surprize, we sat down all three; as, in travelling, I always find a disposition to waive the prerogatives of a master, to a dinner or supper, or whatever it might be called, for it was now between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, not only far superior to what was to be expected at a country hamlet, but better than what is to be had for love or money at many great inns.

As I sat in ease and conviviality with the game keeper, I learned from him the following particulars concerning his master, which I shall give you in no other order than that in which they occurred in the course of conversation.

Lord Mount - Garth had retired from the world twenty years ago, not only within his

his own park, but except on very rare occasions, within his own palace and garden; which, together, occupied a space of nearly a square mile, and were surrounded by a wall fifteen feet high: against which he would amuse himself for hours in playing at hand-ball; sometimes alone, and at others accompanied by a female favourite, the only person he would suffer to come near him; or could ever bear to see, though at a distance, except one man, the son of his father's gardener, who had been brought up with him at home from his infancy, and was exactly of the same age, being born in the same night and hour. This man had not, any more than his Lordship, been without the precincts of the park, and very seldom beyond those of the garden, for the space of thirty years. As they went into this state of voluntary confinement, which is a kind of *internal* exile, at the age of twenty, they are now, of course, in the fiftieth year of their age. John, for that was the name of the man, had been educated along with his Lordship in his father's family, by a private tutor, and had acquired a competent knowledge, not only of antient and modern languages, history, and belles lettres, but a general idea of the principles and progressive improvement in the arts

arts and sciences. John acted in the capacity of valet de chambre, confidant, and companion; dined at the same table with his Lordship, went to bed at the same hour, and slept to the same hour precisely, and almost the same minute, rose in the morning. He was dressed precisely in the same kind of cloaths, even to the sameness of shoe buckles and sleeve buttons. If my Lord felt himself not very well, and judged it proper to take any medicine, John must take the same medicine also.—“John,” he would say, “I think we sat up rather too late last night; I think we would not be the worse of an emetic.” “I think we would be much the better of it, my Lord.”—“John, I am afraid we have rather exceeded in our refreshments for some days past, I think we would be none the worse of some cathartics.” “I think we would be much the better of them my Lord.” “John, I think we feel somewhat of a vertigo this morning—I think we would not be the worse of a little *sal volatile*.” “I think we would be much the better of it, my Lord.”—“Have we not felt a somewhat of relaxation of nerves for some days, John?”—“I protest, my Lord, on recollection, I think we have.” “What would you think of a dip in the cold bath?”

"bath?" "I think, my Lord, it would do us
"both a great deal of good."

This singular character, sunk in indolence and sensuality, of all things dreaded cold; but as for snow, he could not endure the sight of it. In winter, he generally lay in bed till ten or eleven o'clock—about that time he would pull his bell—call for John—and ask him what kind of a day it was? "It is a very fine day, my Lord; the sun shines out brightly, and the atmosphere is unfulled by a cloud."—"Why then, John, I think we would be the better of a race in the garden:" for it was their custom to have frequent races, at the end of which both parties were within a few feet of each other. "John,—how looks the weather this morning?"—"Most hideously, my Lord. The sky lowers; the feathered creation retreat to their roosts—the cats incessantly curry their hides, and flakes of snow driving before the wind, announce the coming storm."—"John; shut the doors and windows—light up a rousing fire—let candles be brought—let the puffy and cold tongues be laid on the table: and since it is a bad day, let us make "good night."

Many

Many efforts were made by the college acquaintance of his Lordship to see him; for with all his singularities he was an amiable and benevolent man, as well as an excellent scholar—and attached, as by a singular charm, all his acquaintance to his person. They would put up their horses at an adjoining village, and send letters to his Lordship fraught with recollections of former intimacy. His Lordship never failed to return answers replete with equal kindness, recollecting former scenes and circumstances, with expressions of the most pleasing emotions, but always declining any personal interview.

As the inn nearest his Lordship's park was but a very wretched one (for in this sequestered spot there was no encouragement for a good one) he took care always to send, on the arrival of strangers, the best provisions of all kinds, unknown to his friends, with orders to the landlord to make some trifling charge, lest he should offend their delicacy, by affording them entertainment, when he refused them his company. His Lordship's friend was a good sort of woman: she amused herself now and then by giving suppers to the servants and the farmers' daughters in the neighbourhood,

the

the nearest house being five miles from the Castle. He had land stewards on his different estates, all business with whom, as with every other mortal, was transacted through the medium of John, or the house-keeper.—If he had occasion to go from one quarter of the Castle or garden to another, orders were previously sent to all the servants to keep out of the way: for if he had caught any of them looking at him, he would have immediately dismissed them from his service. He had an excellent library, in which he passed a great part of his time, but into which no publication of any kind had been admitted since the year of his retirement, or sequestration from the world—being that, as already mentioned, on which he left the University, having then succeeded to the estate by the death of his father. No newspapers! no magazines! no reviews! no political pamphlets! no annual registers! No, nor any conversation concerning any political or other event that had happened in Britain, or any other part of the world from the hour of his seclusion. He turned himself about and cast his eyes backward, and fixed them wholly on former times. Although, he confessed, that he had often been tempted to enquire what could be the cause, or causes

causes of the sudden and enormous accumulation of taxes.

He was of a very gentle and peaceable disposition, and from his earliest years had a mortal aversion to every thing that wore the appearance of bustle and contention. Agreeable to his temperament, which formed so great a part of his constitution and character, he had formed an early opinion, chiefly from what he saw among the neighbouring gentlemen, who lived in a state of war with one another from their political animosities, and had thence impaired, and, in some instances, wholly ruined their estates, that where there was no deficiency of fortune, the grand source of human misery was ambition. This it was his object to cut up by the roots, by *sending the world to Coventry**, and, conversing “wholly with the dead.” Such in substance, was the account I received of Lord Mount-Garth from his venerable old servant.—I was struck most of all, by what he related of his Lord’s want of curiosity.—For, doubtless, it is not more in human nature to indulge in researches into the past, than to enquire about the present, and even to form various conjectures and anticipations concerning the future. If I rightly understood
some

* A cant phrase, in England, for expressing an affected treatment of a person present, as if he were absent.

some things that fell from my unlettered Cicerone, Lord Mount-Garth is addicted not only to the study of scriptural prophecies, but also of astrology. If this be so, his Lordship, whose mind is tranquillized by retirement and by study, is not unconcerned in future events, although it would seem that he avoids the minutiae of detail, and wishes only to seize and contemplate the grand revolutions, principles, and tempers that have governed, at different periods, or may hereafter govern the world.

The evening advanced, and darkness, beginning to close around, reminded us that we were at a great distance from any village or town where we could have any comfortable lodging for the night — But my worthy conductor had not been inattentive to the matter. It was not lawful to receive any strangers to stay all night, though they might take a view of the park, tower, &c. in the day time. The inn, in which we now were, was on so small a scale, and so well inhabited withal, that of the beds, such as they were, not one was to be spared. The game-keeper, therefore, in a beautiful field adjoining to the little garden belonging to the inn, had erected a spacious tent or marquee, which had belonged to his Lordship's maternal uncle, an officer in the army. In this, a comfortable bed

was

was made up for me, and another for my servant, where we slept sound till seven or eight o'clock next morning. On enquiring at our landlady's, before our departure, what we had to pay? She named a mere trifle: from which we perceived that we too, though mere strangers, as well as his Lordship's old friend, had been the objects of an hospitality delicate, generous, and disinterested.

Your's,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER

TO

MISS FITZARRAN.

Bath.

AND so you was angry with me for laughing at your father elect! Well; I am glad you are pleased with him. I see you have been taught the old proverb, that, "*Learning is better than house or land.*" By the bye, I hear that there is an epithalamium to be composed and a prize given to the Students of Trinity-College on the marriage. Remember, this is none of my invention: and, as you are displeased, I will write no more on this subject.

I thank you for the little story you gave me in your last. It is indeed an affecting circumstance. I wonder why people will be so silly as to die for love. Poor Sarah! she wants a little of my spirit. I wish I was in Ireland. I would endeavour to inspire her with a little of it; but it is too late I fear. I pity not her father; but heartily wish her sufferings were at an end.

end. Some of my lovers here threaten me with dying for me; but I know they love themselves too well to attempt it. This Frenchman has grown greatly in my favour—he is unassuming and quiet; a character not at all applicable to his countrymen in general. He is my beau and constant attendant. I am particular in my attentions to him in public, because I wish to teize those wretches who would enslave me. He is of a grave, serious turn of mind naturally, and the present state of affairs in France render him still more serious: were it not for my spirits I should catch the contagion and grow melancholy.

Mrs. Evelyn is still gay, though what the world calls an old woman. I admire those characters, who, after their own charms are on the decline, can still mix in society, and with pleasure hear and join in the praises of young women who are daily rising into notice. This is the characteristic of Mrs. Evelyn. She is the promoter of every innocent pleasure. When any new scheme is on foot, she is the first that is applied to, to forward it. She has but one fault that I know—which is this, that she will endeavour to talk me out of my opinions. 'Tis in vain. I am going to preside as queen of the day

day at a public breakfast given in honor of my Ladyship by old Lord M***, who is so struck with my charms that he has forgotten that he has a son who would be an absolute beggar should I prove kind and listen to his amorous tale. What would Lord P*** and Lady Mary say when I should be introduced as their mother? I am sometimes inclined to give the old beau a little encouragement, to see how far he would carry his folly. Mrs Evelyn declares that he is serious, and that I may be Countess of M*** whenever I please. My poor friend Robert de Montfort is displeased with my accepting this entertainment. I delight in seeing the old creature made the laugh of the company. My brother, too, is angry. If he must give a breakfast let Lady P*** preside he says who has a natural right to do so—so have I to punish every one who has it in contemplation to punish me. The count is going to leave us for a few days, as I cannot prevail on him to go to Lord M****'s. He intends making another little tour, and I am not certain but Landsford goes with him. Well, let them, I shall not want admirers, for I am assailed with as many lovers, and those I believe of as many countries, as Portia in the Merchant of Venice: but I have no casket to guide my choice, no father to say do

as I will. That dear Mrs. What-do-ye-call-her, who has asserted the rights of our sex! How I adore her! Would she ever suffer herself to be sunk into a tame domestic animal? No! no! she knows, and will maintain the dignity of the sex which she has raised to a level with that of man. If ever she condescends to marry, which is next to an impossibility, she will make her own choice: as she hardly allows the men to take the lead in any thing. This is a very proper way of managing them for their attempt at supreme command. To be a companion and play-thing, is, certainly a wondrous honor for a reasonable being to aspire to. This charming author of our rights should be immortalized. The wretches have been left too long to trample over us. From being our masters they are absolutely become our tyrants. Accept the good wishes of one free woman in the person of

SUSAN SPENCER.

ADELA DE MONTFORT

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

The Castle of Montmorin.

DOUBTLESS you, my dear Robert, will be surprized to see me date my letter from this place; but your surprize will cease, when I tell you, that my dear Jacqueline St. Prieux is the countess de Montmorin. She took that name only yesterday. May it prove a happy one: it is an engagement made too lightly I fear. This was the fault of her father, not her own; for the match was made before she was sent for from our convent. Jacqueline, wrote me frequently what was carrying on; and the Count de Montmorin, when he heard that I was her friend, requested me to be present at their nuptials. This request the duchess de B*** thought I should comply with; and it was most pleasing to me to do so. The Count's carriage came for me, and Madame St. Prieux's woman to attend me thither. She brought letters from Jacqueline, and her lady, apologizing for their

not doing so themselves : but they were greatly taken up with necessary preparations. I took leave of the Duchefs de B***; and, Robert, excuse me, if I appear ungrateful ; but, indeed, I thought the Duchefs appeared too earnest in her recommendation that I should accept the visit requested—and, also, when she took leave of me, at parting, she seemed to do so with a satisfaction that did not please me. On my quitting the room to go to the carriage, I met the Duke, who asked me where I was going in such haste : I replied, to the Castle of Salens. He insisted on handing me back into the room. He did so, and said to the Duchefs.—“Do you think, Madame, it will be proper to trust Adela to servants ? Would it not be better I saw her to Salens : I did not know that she was going or I should have offered my service sooner.”—The Duchefs said, that, as Madame St. Prienx had sent her own woman she did not see any impropriety in her going without any escort : but that the Duke might settle that etiquette ; and bade me again adieu, and left the room. I assured the Duke how sensible I was of his kindness ; but, that there was not the smallest necessity for his going. However, he insisted, and ordering his horses to follow him, conducted me to the Castle of Salens. We were both received most politely by Mr. and
Madame

Madame St. Prieux, and I most affectionately by Jacqueline. The duke is acquainted with the Count de Montmorin, who would not suffer him to depart until he had promised to spend some days next week at Montmorin Castle.

The remainder of the day was spent in preparation. I did not see much of the Count de Montmorin, as Jacqueline retired early, and supped in her dressing-room. She appeared more to endeavour to be chearful, than really to be so. They were united yesterday morning, about nine o'clock in the chapel at Salens; and we immediately set out for Montmorin. They had before intended to stay here two or three days after their marriage; but the Count requested them to go with him then, and said, that he would spend a few days at Salens, in his way to Paris on their return. The Countess, the Count and Madame St. Prieux and myself were in the Count's carriage; Mr. St. Prieux and their chaplain in his own: the female servants in another. We arrived at Montmorin before dinner, where the utmost splendor awaited us. The Count had been most profuse in preparing his entertainment. The house seemed as decorated to receive a little Princess instead of my Jacqueline. I need not describe this chateau to you, Robert, as I find you have

been often here with our dear father ; this has endeared the place to me, and rendered it quite familiar. I steal this moment to inform you where I am whilst the Countess is dressing, as we are not to see any company here, and the Count is waiting to conduct us through the house and grounds; which seem to be very extensive. I expect a line soon, remember that you, Robert, are all to your.

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

THE DUKE DE B****

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

I WISH you were here, my friend. I never wanted your society so much as at the present time: I am displeased with myself and every one about me; I have refused my fair cousin, peremptorily refused her: of course I am not on good terms with my mother: the only object, on which my thoughts rested with pleasure, is gone: Yes, Adela is gone; and this place is as a desert. Where your sister is, I know she has informed you, as she wrote to you the day she arrived at Montmorin. I go thither to-morrow to spend a week. This thought reconciles me to myself. There I shall be at liberty to see, to speak to Adela without reserve. This could not be done whilst she was with my mother. Do not be alarmed, Robert; not a word of the passion which she has inspired shall escape my lips. Then, why not speak on any other subject without reserve before the Duchess, you will say?

Why? Because my mother wishing my affections to be placed where she had pointed, was jealous of common civilities and attentions to every other person, knowing how much I adored your sister above all her sex. I was more reserved to her, than to any other woman, and I hardly ever saw her but in the presence of my mother. I conducted Adela to Salens. I never saw a more interesting object than the Countess de Montmorin. She was handsome, you remember when we saw her in the convent: but three years have transformed the unfinished girl into the accomplished woman. I wish you had remained in France, and had seen Jacqueline St. Prieux again: then would you never sigh for a proud coquet; for such is the woman who has possession of your heart. Leave her, Robert! Leave her whilst you can. I know too well the danger you are in.

You wish to know how I came to an explanation with my mother. As soon as I returned from conducting your sister to Salens, she sent for me to her dressing-room, enquired how I had left Adela, and then said, she wished to speak to me on the subject of another female. She then enquired what was my opinion with regard to her niece, Lady Theresa. I told her that I entertained the highest respect for that lady.

“Respect!”

“Respect!” said she, “and is that the only sentiment with which she has inspired you.” I said, “indeed I must acknowledge it was; and that I could never bring my mind to look upon Lady Theresa in the light she wished I should, or that I myself wished to do in conformity with her desire of our union, which could never take place.” “My son,” replied she, “has disposed of his affections without my knowledge, and to whom I think I am not unacquainted. Would you render the daughter of your deceased and revered friend miserable? for such she would be if united to you.” “Madame,” replied I, “I do not think that happiness consists solely in fortune, or we should not see so many wretched who possess her gifts.” She then said, she had supposed I had more regard to her than to reject an alliance that would restore the fallen dignity of our house; and that a union with Lady Theresa Guzman might not be despised by any of our noblesse. “That I was sensible of the honor, and also pained to refuse it,” I assured her; “that the fallen dignity of our house might yet be restored with that of our Prince—but that my happiness could never return if I gave my hand without my heart; that I had more respect for her Ladyship and for herself.” She then cut short the conversation

sation by desiring me to think again before she wrote to her brother Don Guzman, as by my persisting in the refusal she should be for ever offended. She then left the room.

I did not think she had been in possession of the secret of my heart ; but I cannot say that I am sorry for it, as it will render all farther deception unnecessary.

I shall set out for the Castle of Montmorin in the morning, without informing the Duchess any thing farther than that I am going to leave Lausanne for a few days to visit a friend. If I told her where I intended going I might meet with another lecture. I saw Lady Theresa at dinner yesterday. She looked most maliciously pleased, when she said, " Really we are quite
" dull without Madame Montfort—don't you
" think so, Sir ?—but you look so dull that it
" is impossible to doubt but you feel her absence
" as severely as we all do." Her old duenna and aunt, Isabella, said, " I do not find any loss,
" as she by no means pleased me. She is too
" affected and too proud. People who are poor
" should avoid affectation, and be humble. I
" had some intention, on my first coming here,
" to request my sister to let her return with me
" into Spain, but I have almost given up the
" thought."

"thought." My mother replied, "that she thought that Adela might be very useful to her sister, and that her beauty and accomplishments might, as she was of a noble family, get her a husband in Madrid." I considered myself, whilst this conversation was carrying on by my good-natured relations, as a mark set up at which every one was at liberty to shoot their malice. Your pride will revolt when you read to what insults your sister's unprotected situation is exposed. Let her, in me, find a natural protector. Do you not say your father entertained thoughts of such a union once with pleasure? We were then equal—so we are now. My estates are seized, Robert, by the mad rulers of the land. My whole fortune at present consists in plate, and some family jewels which I removed with myself from France. My mother has a considerable property in Spain in the hands of her brother. This I may never possess, if I refuse, as I have, and ever shall do, the hand of her niece.—Say that your sister shall decide for herself, and that if I gain her affection, you will approve our union. This you may perhaps call consummate vanity. I have read her heart by my own—I have studied the language of eyes, and consider myself well read in them. This has flattered my hopes; but I am going to Montmorin, where I shall hear,
see,

see, and think only of Adela. She go to Madrid ! The thought distracts me. I thank you for your account of your tour—make another I entreat you—leave Bath—I think I shall see you soon.

Yours,

DE B***.

MRS. MORTIMER

TO

THE COUNTESS OF ALDBOROUGH.

Audley Park.

I RECEIVED my dear Countess's letter with much pleasure, and I congratulate you upon the Earl's coming of age. I hear he is considered as a promising young man; and I think with you that you are greatly indebted to the care and attention of Mr. Hoare in forming him such as he is; for the present dissipation of our youth is growing to a serious evil, and loudly calls for the attention of all parents. I am most truly thankful that my son was educated before the loose style of manners, now prevalent, was adopted. My daughter's education you know I took all upon myself, and amply has she rewarded me for the trouble. Indeed I cannot justly call it so, for I never beheld her improvements but with sincere delight. She is now pursuing the same task I have formerly done, and I don't doubt but her efforts will be crown-

ed with equal success. Most truly sorry am I, my very good friend, to find that you have any alloy to your present happiness in the mistaken notions Lady Susan has imbibed whilst with her grand-mother. She endeavoured to inspire you with her notions of pride and self-consequence. But natural good sense, joined to a truly feminine disposition, defeated her attempts on your mind. Lady Susan possesses, I fear, too much of that hauteur, without which Lady Grantham would have been truly amiable. I would not say so much, but that we have often lamented together this unamiable trait in her character.

I intend visiting London in a few months, which will no doubt surprise you. The reason of this determination is, that I have some expectations of a visit from my nephew, the Count de Montmorin. You know that my sister Emma married the father of this gentleman, and that I once made a visit to Paris. We corresponded at that time—therefore I am sure you must know the circumstance. The Count writes to me that he is just new married, and that he has an inclination to bring his bride to England. Perhaps his affairs in France may render this step both prudent and necessary. However, I do not know if this is so or not—but I wish to pay him proper respect as my deceased sister's son.

son. I shall take a large ready-furnished house, in order to accommodate them, and already contemplate with pleasure our meeting. This is greatly heightened when I reflect that you and I shall personally renew a friendship that has been dear to us both through life, and will, I trust, continue to its end. I shall conclude, as usual,

Your affectionate

CHARLOTTE MORTIMER.

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE

TO

COLONEL SOMERVILLE.

Somerville Lodge.

YOU do not know how severely I suffer in your absence. I hear every day that your army is on the eve of an action; and this brings with it such terrific ideas, that I am not able to bear them. I find my health sink under the pressure. I have just had a visit from my mother—she staid three days with me. This made me as happy as any circumstance in your absence could. Susan and Landsford are gone to Bath on a visit to Mrs. Evelyn. They were accompanied by the Count de Montfort. I know you have often heard Landsford mention him with many encomiums---I do assure you that he is deserving of them all. He is a very sensible well-informed young man, without the
smallest

smallest tincture of that foppery and affectation with which most of the young men of distinction I have seen of that nation are deeply tinctured. Susan, I see, has marked him out to play off some of her systematical follies upon. I told her that he had too much sense to be made a fool of by her: she replied, "that she only wanted to convince him that women were entitled to all the rights of rational beings,"—which is, in plain English, to allow her to tyrannise over him. I am truly sorry for this propensity in her. I wish it were possible to convince her of the absurdity of it. Do you know that Mr. Hoare is about quitting our family? This I am hurt at on many accounts, as he was very useful to my mother, and I do believe that he was some restraint upon Lady Susan herself, who, you know, does not allow man to be her superior.—nay, hardly her equal. I intend to write to her on this subject. I am very attentively perusing her favourite author, and perhaps may be able to refute some of her arguments. I am very thankful for your last letter—it is my constant cordial against low spirits, (or indeed to speak with more propriety) the remedy I use for removing them. You are afraid that I shall be excluded from society, if I persist in my determination of not seeing company

company in your absence. I shall not mind that greatly when you return, as we can easily supply the unmeaning compliments of those who are called friends. There is a rumour abroad that Lady Fitzarran is more than partial to Mr. Harrowby; nay, that she is determined to give him her hand. I think him truly deserving of that honor: and it is an honor, not derived solely from her rank in life, but from her many virtues. I was told by my mother (who is greatly hurt at the supposition that Lady Fitzarran should stoop so low as her sons' tutor) that her children would accept him as a father, who has ever been their best friend, without a ny reluctance. I greatly disapprove this false opinion of my mother, and in opposition to it I pointed out a passage in a favourite author* of her own, which runs thus, "the respectable capacity of a preceptor requires so many talents which are not to be paid for, so many virtues which have no price set upon them, that it is in vain to think of procuring one by means of money. It is from a man of genius only that we can expect the talents of a preceptor—it is from the heart of an affectionate friend alone that we can hope to meet with the zeal of a parent; and genius is not to be sold any more than attachment." In Mr. Harrowby

* Rousseau.

all these requisite qualities seem to be united—then how can Lady Fitzarran be blameable? May merit ever be crowned with such rewards!

My little shrubbery begins to bloom; I have dedicated much of my time to it—and am pleased to see it has not been bestowed in vain. My mother would persuade me to go to London with her. I am not inclined to do so, although quite alone. General and Mrs. Harcourt are in Grovesnor-square. Lady Trentown is gone; so I shall be left to taste the true beauties of spring, whilst they only dream of it, or view its shadow in a few faded shrubs brought from a hot house.

I have, this instant, got a letter from Susan who (as she expresses herself) is “leading apes in Bath.” Robert de Montfort has left them for a few days to explore the adjacent country. This does not please my sister I can see. Adieu, my dear William—be careful of yourself, for the sake of

Your's,

SABINA SOMERVILLE.

EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

I HAVE expected your return for so many days, that I now begin to give you up. Are you so enamoured of the beauties of nature, as to forget the fair ones here who sigh for your return? I do believe, that the heretofore incorrigible Susan is amongst the languishing beauties. She does not own it; but, by her enquiries, I perceive she is not pleased with your absence. Return now, and I will take a trip with you at some future day. I have actually lost my heart, Robert; but to whom I am yet unacquainted. This you will think strange—But so it is.—A few days ago, as I was returning from the pump-room, a carriage passed me in entire sabbath, as also were its attendants: they stopped at the first inn, and ordered horses in haste. This was immediately

immediately complied with. Whilst this business was performing two ladies alighted, one of whom was of the finest form and features. Her dress became her, being long flowing robes of black bombazine : she had no hat on, and her hair of auburn, flowed carelessly over a forehead and neck of alabaster. I stood transfixed to the spot until the ladies returned, and then no servant being ready I offered my hand to assist them in ascending the coach ; for which I was very politely thanked by an old lady, who remained in the coach, and whom I suppose to be their mother. Before I could reach any of the servants to make enquiries, the postillions were mounted, and they were soon, with their retinue out of sight. I then applied to the master of the house, who told me that he was just come in and had not seen them, but that he would go and interrogate his servants. These fellows who have a natural stupidity about them, had never asked any questions. They heard one of the men say, they were not to stop until they arrived in London. Now this is all I can find out, which is next to nothing. I shall hope to be more successful yet ; for so much beauty can never be buried in obscurity ; I am not like most of the young men of the present day, who are determined against matrimony and
consider

consider it as the last act of folly. I look up to it as a state in which I am to experience much permanent happiness. I really think that many married people with whom I am acquainted, create their own misery. They set out frequently perfectly indifferent to each other, and by their mutual conduct soon convert their indifference into disgust; which might have been turned into a softer passion.—Or, if they marry with affection for each other; then they form such extravagant ideas of love, that they never fancy that they receive attentions enough from each other. Thus they torment themselves; you and I, Robert, will be rational husbands, and not expect impossibilities. My sister is tired of Bath, and talks of going to join my mother in town. Sabina is to stay a few weeks in London, if Lady Aldborough can persuade her to leave her retirement. I wish she was single. She is the woman who would have made you happy, Robert: I ought not to wish her single neither, except for your sake; for she is happy to her utmost wish with Somerville. I wish he were returned, as you could not fail to esteem him. We have been friends from boys, and have formed the idea of being brothers even whilst in petticoats. There is nothing here worth relating a constant succession of folly; dowagers, who

who want husbands, and gamblers who want fortunes ; old men who would be young ones, and young men who effect to be old and knowing.— Here are letters lying for you : come and peruse them.

Your's,

LANDSFORD.

MISS FITZARRAN

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

Black Rock.

IT is determined that we are not to meet this winter as we stay here, and I know that you will not trust yourself upon an element as fickle as your ladyship.

We are not to remain fixed to this spot, but to make different excursions as we are much in debt on the score of visiting. I almost begin to give credit to the rumour which you informed me was abroad in London. I do think it probable, that my mother entertains serious intentions concerning Mr. Harrowby. Since your hints I have observed my mother's conduct more seriously; and think you justified in your opinion. I
own

own myself a little mortified; not at Lady Fitzarran's choice, but at her want of confidence in me. Yet, when I am inclined to be candid, I must allow that she has a very delicate and difficult part to act. She is able to act with propriety in almost any situation. I think she has lately made several efforts to speak with me on this subject: but though I have endeavoured to lead to it often; yet, she has checked herself. Mr. Harrowby talks of leaving us very soon; I don't know how to reconcile this. If my mother does entertain thoughts of marrying again, he is the man who, I think, deserves her. I ever did respect him as a parent, and shall find no difficulty in adding an additional portion of regard on the present occasion.

Yesterday was consigned to the grave the remains of Sarah S****. Her restoration to health was hardly to be wished by those who witnessed the severe struggles she sustained, with great calmness and fortitude, in the firm belief of being united in death to her beloved Alfred. The Dean is inconsolable. Hardly any one is sorry for him. Ambition was the ladder on which he would have mounted though he crushed the nearest and dearest blossom in fixing it.

May

May every interested and unfeeling parent meet the same fate. I shall be glad to change the scene for a little time. The untimely fate of my earliest friend will obtrude on my mind as I cast my eyes across the road towards her house, which, now totally shut up in front, presents a gloomy and melancholy prospect.

Miss Miller declares that she will not stay with me if I don't enliven my society a little. No beaus, nor balls! She thought Ireland was famed for its gaiety. So it is—but though the character of the country may be such, private individuals cannot help assuming a serious aspect as serious situations present themselves. France was a gay nation, but now *Vive la guillotine!* succeeds *Vive la bagatelle!* But I hope, as on the one hand we are not so gay as the French were, so we shall never arrive at such an extreme of fullness and of cruelty. You are at Bath, consequently in the heart of fashion and mirth. Pray what have you done with your Count de Montfort and Lord Landsford?—They, I hear, were your attendants. To the Earl the ladies will be particularly attentive. As Plutus, not Venus, often directs the shafts of the little god, he will look out for some overgrown fortune; and, having the estate in possession, will over
look

look all incumbrances with which it may be charged. We have one of these golden harvests in our neighbourhood. The lady is approaching towards her fortieth year; but has all the affectation of a young girl of fifteen; and, I do assure you, is surrounded by more lovers than falls to the lot of most ladies of that age. Now if Lord Landsford has a mind to cross St. George's Channel, and, like another Jason, bear off the golden fleece, he will bring over a strong recommendation in his title. Consult him on this subject. If he declines, perhaps the Frenchman may not be so nice. I should like to present Miss O'Hara to you as a sister.

Pray, what is Lady Sabina doing in the absence of Somerville? I wish we were near neighbours. My mother always mentions her ladyship whenever she speaks of a truly amiable character. Here is an old baronet, who has, I think, fixed his affections on my fair visitor.—He is not more than sixty, and boasts that he can drink his three bottles of claret and afterwards walk to his bed-chamber; whilst the flimsy heads, of the present race, sink under the table. I have promised to urge the suit of Sir Ulic O'Neale. Anne, laughs at me when I expatiate on the charms of her lover's five thousand
per

per annum ; and, says that an aching heart, and a fine house have no charms for her : content and a cottage are preferable. But, if Sir Ulic is really serious in his *tendresse*, I shall be so in my importunity to her not to cast aside the favours of fortune, though they may come in a questionable shape. She is not possessed of more than three or four thousand pounds ; and the liberality of her mind would make her poor if she was even Lady O'Neale. Besides, as the baronet is an old man, she may pursue your system, and govern instead of being governed ; Adieu, we are going to Dublin for letters, where I hope to find one from you.

Your's

FRANCES FITZARRAN.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

TO

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

Bath.

THINK not, my dearest sister, that you have been once absent from my memory: though I have not written to you; you are, though in a distant country, my constant companion. I form in imagination frequent conversations with you; and whenever a pleasant scene presents itself, I wish my Adela a partaker of it with her brother. I need not tell you that I was received in a most friendly manner by the Earl of Landsford, the Countess his mother, and Lady Susan and Lady Sabina his sisters. The latter is married to a Colonel in the army, who is on service in Flanders. How should I delight in gaining the protection and friendship of Lady Somerville for you. She is just what I picture you would be, if in the same situation. The Countess is a truly well-bred amiable woman. Lady Susan Spencer is of the first order of fe-

male beauty. She possesses much eccentricity of mind, and whimsicallity of manners; has wit, and I am certain good sense. In short, Adela, the happiness or misery of your brother is in this woman's possession:—I may call her my fate. Sometimes I think that she is not indifferent to my attentions: at others, I form a totally contrary opinion. Had our house continued flourishing as I remember it, Robert de Montfort might have aspired to the daughter of the renowned Earl of Aldborough without a blush. But a degraded noble, lost equally to fortune and his country; there is a meanness in my pretensions I cannot bear to think upon. Some of the princes of England might be proud to receive her hand. And shall an emigrant, taken into the family in friendship, presume to hope that his proposal would not be treated with contempt? Proposals! what proposals could I make? It were best I fly—I have attempted to do so more than once on a pretence of viewing the country and manners of the people: but I have returned and found myself as much in love as ever.

You will be surprized that I write so much about myself, and never enquire what you are doing; but this will cease when I inform you,
that

that I have heard all this from our friend the Duke de B***, with whom I correspond as you will suppose. He, too, is a subject of sorrow to me. What will become of that high spirit which has descended to him from his illustrious ancestors now that he is deprived of his fortune, as I hear from him is the case? Can he condescend to ask, who has only been used to bestow so liberally? I know that the Duchess has formed a plan of an union for him with the Lady Theresa Guzman, to which he is averse. We were all educated together—Then, as I am absent, do you endeavour to persuade him to comply with the wishes of his mother. 'Tis a debt you owe the family, who have received, and now protect you, when your brother is unable. Point out to him the dreadful situation to which he may be reduced, should he refuse his cousin. Tell him that change of country would but augment his misery—Pity is a sentiment of which neither he nor I would wish to be the object. This is sometimes uttered in a strain of contempt from the unfeeling; indeed, even where it is not meant, one is apt to construe what is intended perhaps otherwise into a slight, as I sometimes feel severely. Instead of pride sinking with fortune, as the one decreases the other sometimes rises. I know my sister will feel all I wish

she should, and will endeavour, though it may be a difficult task, to make de B*** attend to his interest.

I once entertained thoughts of requesting you to come to England; but the difficulty of finding a proper situation for you, has, as yet, left me undecided. I could not bear to see you treated with neglect, as I have observed the case with some Ladies who were of high quality in France. Lady Susan Spencer asks much about you, and why I will not bring you to her. This would be improper; I should not hesitate would Lady Sabina Somerville make the request. She lives quite a recluse in the absence of her husband, receiving only the visits of her family. There is a delicacy and propriety in this which is quite charming:--There is so much pleasure in the recollection of having acted as one ought, though some sacrifices are made to this, that I wonder so many are led to commit errors. You will see, by the date, that I am at Bath, a place where the people of England, and, indeed those of other countries, go to drink the waters which are of great efficacy in many cases. Not only the sick resort to this place but the healthy, and above all, the indolent. It is the resort of gamblers and fortune-hunters of every denomination;
old

old ladies who want young husbands are here in abundance, Landsford tells me, that many of them after marriage, both males and females, find themselves equally duped. I intend setting off to-morrow on a ramble into some part of the country. Pray make my best compliments of congratulation to the Count de Montmorin, and his fair bride your friend. Lady Susan informs me, that they are expected in England very soon. I suppose that this must be some mistake. Adieu,

My dear sister,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

THE DUKE DE B****

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

The Castle of Montmorin.

I MAY say, that I have spent this week most agreeably. I have hardly thought on the subject of past misfortunes; so much have I been occupied with present pleasure.

The Countess de Montmorin is a lovely woman; nay she is more, she is an interesting one. I wonder how she came to marry the Count: there does not appear to me any trait in his character that could attract or gain the affections of so much simplicity and innocence. Vanity might have induced many to give their hand to his wealth; but this could not be the motive in the present instance. However, the Count seems most happy. His young bride looks as she should do; but not quite as I should wish my wife to do. There is evidently a constraint in her manner when the Count is present that totally disappears when she is alone with

with Adela and myself. Her father left us yesterday, at which Adela told me his daughter was not displeased. He is a sour, morose man, who seems to be always uneasy when all are happy around him.—Adela says, he always treated her friend with restraint and severity. Any man who could be harsh to the most gentle being on earth, must be a savage in disposition. We have not seen any visitors but such as were on terms of great familiarity, and therefore could scarcely be termed such. Our time has been spent *en famille*. Adela has treated me as she would Robert. This confidence has delighted me, and raised me above all misfortunes. Marry Theresa Guzman with Adela Montfort in my heart! Would this be like a descendant of the family of B***? and can Robert de Montfort advise it? Would he act in this manner? No, no. Nor will I. A letter is at this moment lying before me from my mother requesting my immediate return to Lausanne, in order to return a suitable answer to Don Guzman: that is, to tell him that I will love, and marry his daughter. The one is out of my power, and the other not in my inclination. I have asked the advice of Adela on this subject. This you will blame me for. Are you not anxious to know what she advised? I'll tell you. She said that she thought my present situation

situation too delicate for her inexperience to give an opinion? Besides, she had received so many favours from the Duchess, and was so interested for the happiness of myself, that it was impossible for her to say any thing. Her last sentence said all I wished; that she was interested in my happiness. She always speaks with propriety, and will ever act properly. So none of your Roman virtue: be as you ever were and ever shall be, my first and nearest friend. Let me call your sister mine: my mother loves her, and, but for a little female ambition, would acknowledge the justice of my choice. Was not our union planned and talked of by both families in more auspicious times? Alteration of circumstances cannot alter the affections. I shall not wait your answer; but mean directly, when this letter is finished, to sit down and answer my mother, and to inform her how impossible it is to fulfil her wishes with regard to the Lady Theresa, her niece. This done, I shall not return to Lausanne, but shape my course another way, of which I am at present undetermined; but I shall leave a direction if I quit this place; as indeed I certainly shall before your answer arrives. Therefore write to me, as in the absence of Adela, your letters are my only consolation. The ladies are out together on a ramble in the wood, which surrounds this enchanting place.

place. The Count and myself are employed in writing letters. I think he is too often thus employed: more so than I should be, were I just married. Perhaps he has not quite so ardent a mind as I have; and it may be more for his peace that he has not. Adieu. A courier is just arrived from Paris with dispatches for the Count.

Your's,

DE B***.

THE DUKE DE B***.

TO THE

DUCHESS DE B***.

MADAM,

Montmorin.

TO deviate in the smallest degree from your wishes, gives me pain; yet, when they militate so much against my own happiness, I think I can promise myself your indulgence. The Lady Theresa, in having the honor of being your niece, claims a particular regard from me, which I shall always be ambitious to pay. I am sorry to add, that my affections are not so obedient as my duty to you may demand.

You, madam, have always taught me, that true nobility consisted in a strict adherence to the sentiments of justice and honour. Both

of

of these must be violated, were I so far to forget myself, as to sacrifice a sense of probity to an interested motive. My fortune being lost, I have the more reason to keep my actions unfullied. I know your motives, madam, in promoting this union, but believe me, that the end would not be answered were your wishes complied with. Then, do not persist in urging me to appear in a character before you so different from my nature; and I hope you will do me the justice to say, so very different from my former habits.

It would be improper for me to suggest what should be said in answer to your brother's letter to you. I am truly sensible of the honor intended me, and also sorry that it is not within my power to accept it. Deception I always thought below me to practise; and to do so with you would be criminal. Know then that my affections are most irrevocably fixed. From what passed at our last meeting, it is unnecessary to point to your penetrative eye the object. She has virtues that may adorn any station; and the want of fortune only renders them more conspicuous; your parental affection, madam, gets the better of the natural goodness of your heart. Perhaps you may not readily subscribe

to

to this. But I hope that however in this instance I may disappoint you, I am still worthy of being your son; in which hope, I subscribe myself,

Affectionately your's,

DE B***.

ADELA DE MONTFORT

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

I KNOW my brother's feelings too well to think myself neglected because he did not write. I heard from the Duke de B*** that you were well, and was satisfied, that the first time you found yourself at all at ease I should hear from you.

I thank you for the description of the amiable family, into which luckily you have been cast, on the first setting out from your native country. But oh, my more than brother! where will your Adela find a friend? There is something whispers to me that it is not proper to return to Laufanne, I cannot explain why I think so; as the Duchess has ever treated me with the tenderness of a mother. There was a something in our last interview, to which I cannot give

give a name: yet I felt the change, though it was more in manner than in words. Forgive me, I am to blame even to hint at any thing disagreeable, when I cannot give it a name. The Lady Theresa Guzman, of whom you write, is particularly disagreeable to me. There is a certain *hauteur* and malignity about her which is extremely disgusting. You request me, in return for favours received, to speak to the Duke on the subject of his union with his cousin. Robert, could you once see this lady, you would not make that request. I know your friendship for the Duke. He once honoured me so far as to ask my opinion on the subject. This I did not give, as I would not in the least degree be instrumental in giving pain to the good Duchess. I could die with pleasure to ensure their happiness.

Would it not be better that I returned to the Convent of St. Clair? I was not formed with spirits sufficient to combat with the world. Every thing alarms me. The peaceful serenity of a monastic life is what I wish. The world is uninterested about me, and I shrink from it with pleasure. Madame Adelaide our superior, will receive me kindly, and I shall remove some
anxiety

anxiety from the breast of him who is now every thing to me: brother, father, and friend.

That your affections are placed on a worthy object, I am most thankful to the supreme disposer of events. May she soothe all your sorrow into peace, and may each succeeding year bring an increase of happiness. My prayers shall ever be directed to heaven for this purpose.

Write not again to the Duke on the subject of his marriage: he told me that his affections were irrevocably fixed! I did not suspect this, until he himself told me so. I did not presume to ask him on whom, nor can I guess; perhaps you may.

I have spent a most agreeable fortnight with my friend Jacqueline. The Duke leaves us to-morrow.

The Count has had a courier from Paris, where his presence is necessary; all is anarchy. The Countess and I are to remain here until his return; as he does not think it safe to take my friend until he sees what reception she may expect. Don't fear that I shall think of accompanying her thither. This place being so near-

ly

ly on the confines of Switzerland, I am safe here : but I have often trembled for the Duke who has gone by a feigned name ever since he first arrived.

Let me know immediately how you would wish me to act. If you wish me to return to the Duchefs de B***, only say so, and I will go to Lausanne directly. If not, tell me how I shall inform her Grace of my intentions, as I would not wish to fail in any manner in the respect that I owe to this excellent woman, who was the friend of my reverend parents, and has since been the protector of their daughter.

Monsieur de Salens and his Lady, have often paid us a visit here. I cannot like either of these people, though I wish to do so on account of their relationship to the Countess; who I fear, Robert, is not as happy as I could wish, though she endeavours to appear so. It is a mystery to me why she was married in so much haste. The Count has solicited me to remain with them in the most polite and obliging terms: but I cannot think of this. I have too proud a spirit I fear, and poverty has not subdued it.

I am quite pleased with the character of the Duchefs of Aldborough's married daughter,
Lady

Lady Sabina, and should be happy were I in England to have such a friend. In short, I love and respect them all as the friends of my dear Robert. As the family in which his future happiness rests, may that be secured is the wish of his

Affectionate

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

I OUGHT to begin this epistle with a formal declaration, saying, that I know I am acting in violation of the extreme delicacy of my sex, and all the absurd train of nonsense that follows, &c. surely it was not ordained that we were never to write to an unmarried man, until we ourselves were married: and that no friendship can exist without matrimony. Why should not you and I speak and write as freely, as my brother Landsford and you? I am determined it shall be so. I will be the first female who dares to be free. A licentious woman I should despise; but a thinking one I always admire. Whilst we have the power to think,

we

we should have the freedom to act according to the result of reason. This is *our* privilege as much as mans. I might frighten one of our dull countrymen; but I write to an enlightened mind; and I will believe, that he thinks with me, that we are by education too much restrained. I am really ashamed to find myself making an apology for doing what I think right.

My letter was intended to enquire what you are doing, and why so long absent? and to request that you will return, if you design to have the honor of escorting me from this place, of which I am heartily tired. The women are so insipid, and the men so troublesome! Then the good old lady of the house, is so continually talking of decorum and propriety, that she has frightened away Lady Bell Lawless from the house: and she was the only creature tolerable in Bath. Mrs. Evelyn was ready to faint the other morning, because Lady Bell and I talked of learning to play at cricket. It is an exercise, the men say, that gives strength to the body, and that consequently must give vigour to the mind. It is our foolish puerile amusements that make such insignificant creatures of our women. The females of France were more accomplished.

complished than those of England, because they were less feminized, if you will allow the expression: they conversed with men of genius from their cradles, and were thought fit to assist at their meetings, where subjects both of philosophy and metaphysics were discussed.

Still I wander from what I want to inform you of. This is, that *my brother*, a *lordly man*, is in *love*, caught by a *black gown*; *auburn locks*; and a *white hand*. Yet he is a *reasonable being*: one who is to guide us *weak women*. This is a term I cannot bear; it is a disgrace to the sex. I suppose you will return with a store of knowledge collected from boors. Adieu mon amie.

SUSAN SPENCER.

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD.

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

Bath.

HASTEN your return my good friend, as I want to quit this place of nonsense and insipidity. I have also prevailed on my sister to go to London. And as women do not continue in the same minds, (this character which they give of themselves cannot be unjust) I would profit by it.

I have not heard a word by which I can find out the fair mourner. I hope she is not a widow, as I am a miser in love. There was a delicate timidity about her that spoke her as yet unmarried. Perhaps it was a father for whom she wore that charming, bewitching dress. The ladies of the present day so absolutely insist on admiration, that I cannot bring myself to give them even what is their due. I never saw but one woman who gave me a just idea of female delicacy,
and

and she is my own sister, Sabina, I mean: were she unmarried I would not say so, even to you Robert. I hear from my mother that your sister is soon expected in England. Of this you are informed by herself. If it be so, I think I mentioned this in my last, but am not quite certain.

You have, doubtless, explored all the beauties of Devon and Somersetshire; have conversed with every pretty rosy milk-maid; and hoary headed swain in your way. Your curiosity being satiated, I hope to see you at Bath shortly.

Have you heard lately from our friend de B***. I did expect that he would have favoured me with a line, but I doubt not but his mind is much agitated by the passing scene in France. You mentioned a marriage that was proposed by the Duchess, his mother. De B*** is the last man I should ever have thought likely to take a recommended wife. There is something repugnant to my feelings, in the idea of either a man or woman's marrying because it is convenient to do so. When I marry (and many a long year it will be first) I will make my own choice, nor shall interest have a voice in my decision. This I am sure is your sentiments also.

also. I really often wonder how our females of fashion ever get husbands; but the frequent divorces that disgrace our courts of law, easily remove my surprize, and fix my detestation on the folly and avarice of parents, who barter their childrens happiness for a few paltry acres to those estates, already more than sufficient for all the luxuries of life. To live happily myself, and see a numerous and flourishing tenantry around me, will be my ambition; to decrease where racked, not to raise the rents of my farmers will be the object at which I will aim. In short to live at home, as our ancestors used to do, should be the aim of our nobility. It was crowding to the court, and neglecting every thing for the smile of a prince that brought France into the horrid anarchy and convulsion with which it now labours. I may say this to you Robert, as your family was an example to the contrary. Your father maintained patriarchal purity, with the dignity and grandeur of true nobility. I have often heard him declaim against the servility of those, who could not live out of the corrupted atmosphere of Paris. My steward wrote to me yesterday, advising me to raise the rents of some farms, whose leases were nearly expired; this he thinks, will be recommending himself, but I have answered,

swered, by desiring him to let them again at the same rate. I shall not gain the good opinion of my tenants by an act of oppression. I will be their friend, not their master.

Lady Bell Lawless is at my elbow, and will not suffer me to write one sentence more, than that I am

Your friend,

LANDSFORD.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

A LETTER from your ladyship has so raised me in my own opinion, that I think myself competent to judge on almost any subject, except where you are in question. Impropriety can never be ascribed to you : therefore, an apology for the honor done to me, was not at all necessary. That you will allow me to call you by the name of friend is another act of condescension, for which I shall be most truly grateful. Indeed, Lady Susan, you will make me vain. I fear I have a weak head ; for a very little prosperity would render me giddy, and unworthy of your attention.

You are so good as to enquire what I am doing.—I must answer nothing at all. Time is lost to me, when it does not allow me to see your ladyship. To think of you has been my chief

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employment.

employment. We are all allowed to think of Heaven, though we may not approach it unbidden: I have just received your summons and shall attend it instantly. I am not surprized that Lord Landsford has lost his heart so suddenly; he is possessed of much sensibility, and I always thought that it would be Chance that would decide his fate. You wonder at a man's being sensible to the power of beauty. I think, if he were not, this would be no proof of his being a reasonable being.

Since I have lost sight of Bath, and the amiable society in which I was so happy, I am become melancholy. I hardly dare to give myself time to think. I hear that there are some regiments of emigrants to be raised in Britain. If so, I shall offer my services. The sword of the Montforts has been drawn to avenge the wrongs of France: now it will have double edge when unsheathed to avenge the wrongs of her sons. There is only one object that prevents me from offering my services immediately. This is a sister whose extreme innocence and unprotected situation renders me undetermined: Should the fate of war deprive her of the only consolation left her, what might become of her, afflicts me even to think upon. The Duchesse de
B***,

B***, has kindly undertaken to supply the place of parents to her; but I think it proper to remove her, even from her protection, and am now at a loss what to do with her. Am I not taking a liberty with your ladyship in taking up your time with the misfortunes of a man, who is already so much indebted to your family for consolation. Pray pray pardon me, I blush for myself, and have only this excuse, that your kindness has emboldened me, and the same goodness leads me to hope for forgiveness.

I shall reach Bath as quick as my horses will allow. Being hacks they will not keep pace with my wishes; in the mean time I remain, your ladyship's most humble and devoted servant.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

ADELA DE MONTFORT

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

OH, my dear brother, how shall I relate the horrid miseries that appear to the eyes of your Adela. Our friend the Duke de B***, I fear is in the hands of our savage countrymen. But, I must if possible relate things as they happened.

In my last, I mentioned that the Count had received letters by a courier from Paris; and that we were to separate the next day. The Duke for Lausanne, and the Count for Paris. Jacqueline and myself were to stay here. Whilst I was writing this information to you, the Count was making some necessary arrangements previous to his departure. The Duke and the Countess were walking in the wood: just after
I had

I had sent my letter off. A servant, whom I had never before observed as belonging to the house, came abruptly into my dressing room, and asked me, are you Madame de Montfort? I answered, yes; with some appearance of surprise. Then, said the man, go instantly and find the Duke de B***: he is not safe in this house half an hour longer. In less than that time a guard will arrive to conduct him back to Paris as a traitor. Fly, Madame! I did not inform the Count, as his interference might involve him. You may inform him of his danger with more safety. I thanked the fellow, and said, I would reward his fidelity, and then flew down stairs to find the Duke, which I did as he came into the house: from the extreme hurry of my spirits I fainted at his feet before I could give the information I intended: but the moment I recovered I informed him of his danger and begged him instantly to leave us. This he would not do except on the condition that I would accompany him; as he said, that the malice of his enemies would order me to be seized if it was found that I had been privy to his escape. I was obliged to inform the Count de Montmorin, who was greatly agitated and alarmed, and peremptorily insisted that the Duke should leave Montmorin directly. He conducted

ed

ed him himself to his stable, and gave him one of his best horses and a case of pistols, with which he instantly rode off, whither I know not. The Count returned to quiet the fears of the Countess and myself: but this was impossible. We saw impending danger. The Count said, that he must obey the summons that he had received, but that he was apprehensive of danger. A flight being now impossible, he advised that as soon as he had departed we should with the assistance of a faithful domestic, pack up what plate and valuables we could find, and that he should in the night convey them with the Countess and myself to the convent of St. Clair, and that there we should wait his farther orders; but by no means that we should go or send to Salens. He had no sooner given these directions, than a carriage attended by a party of armed men arrived. The appearance of this party struck a terror little inferior to that of an order for instant death. The Count went to receive their message, which was, that the Convention had deputed them to seize the Duke de B***, who, they understood, was at Montmorin, and bring him to Paris. They added, menaces should he be concealed from their search. The Count replied, that certainly was the Duke in his house he would instantly comply

ply with their wishes. That he could not even inform them where they might be likely to meet him; but that he himself was at the moment of their arrival employed in dispatching letters, previous to his departure for Paris, and if they pleased he would attend them thither. In the mean time he desired that they might search his house, or the village, if they had any doubts of his veracity. This they told him they intended. And this they did most minutely whilst we sat trembling in my dressing room, which they rudely entered to look under the toilette; saying, with a sneer, ladies sometimes conceal their favourites here. On quitting the room, they said, we must not stay here; that he is not in the house, but we may overtake him as he cannot have been gone very long. The Countess took courage on hearing this, and said, she hoped, as their search must be fruitless, that they would not depart without taking some refreshment.

To this request they made no reply but hastened down stairs, and immediately mounted their horses to which they put spurs, and we were informed some minutes after that they were joined by a number of horsemen at the end of the village, who had been making enquiries there whilst the others had come here.

We

We were informed that they passed again through the village the same evening, escorting a carriage which they guarded most carefully: so I fear that your friend has fallen into their hands, as we have had no news to inform us that he has escaped. The Count set off the same evening for Paris as we did for the convent of St. Clair, where we are now in a state of great suspense. As soon as I can, I will write to relieve your mind from its anxiety. Mine is so oppressed with grief that I can only sign myself,

Your's affectionately,

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER

to

THE COUNTESS OF ALDBOROUGH.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I WRITE just to inform you, that you may expect us in town on Monday evening, for we are all heartily tired of Bath, and also to let you know that Landsford does not bring his heart home with him, he has lent it to a fable beauty, who just whisked by him in a carriage, and who may be gone on an embassy to the moon for any thing he knows to the contrary. The Count is just as he was, agreeable and sensible, and desires that I will make his compliments and say every thing that the natural elegance of my own mind suggests for him to you. Now, my dear Madam, you must conceive, what that may be, if I had time to express myself, but really I am so taken up with farewell visitors, that

they only allow me to add the best wishes of
Mrs. Evelyn, and then conclude,

Your's most affectionately,

SUSAN SPENCER.

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE.

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

Somerville Lodge.

I HAVE often hinted to you both by letters, and by conversation, that I did not approve some things of an air of defiance and disdain, that appeared manifest to me in the conduct and sentiments of my dear sister, on a subject that must occupy the minds of all young persons; but, more particularly perhaps, (for we must have no reserves with one another) the minds of young females, who, from the delicacy of their sex, are induced to look not only to the society, but the protection of manly friendship: without which, as all experience has proved, the mind is apt to sink into a languor of inoccupation unknown to those who are engaged in all those tender connexions and duties,
in

in which the very existence of society, as well as the chief grace, comfort, and dignity of life consist. This strain, I fear, will alarm your pride and *jealousy of those airs of superiority* as you express it, that are assumed by the men.—
“Have not women reason, you say, as well as
“men? If so, who made men the exclusive
“arbiters and conductors of all human affairs?
“And do not men act tyrannically and unjustly, when they force our sex by denying
“them civil and political rights, and treating
“them merely as play-things, to remain immersed in their families, and under a kind of
“degrading subjection?”—I am but a poor reasoner. I know that you can easily foil me in argument on any subject. I have little more to urge than the sentiments of a female heart against that lofty way of thinking, which descended, I know, and was originally inspired by our respected grandmother; and in which, I suspect, from your frequent use of certain phrases and sentiments, you have been confirmed by Mrs. Woolstone Croft’s *Vindication of the Rights of Women*.—What, my dear Susan, would you have us to shake off all connexion with the male creation. and to become a nation of Amazons?—No! but you insist on an equality of rights and privileges.—I cannot
really

really understand, perfectly, what you mean: for to be in all respects on a footing of equality with the men seems to me to be impossible. How can the infirmities, and tender cares to which women are doomed, by the constitution of their nature, accord with the agitation of public assemblies, the alarms and hardships of war, of navigation, of hunting, fishing, and even the rougher parts of agricultural occupation? But if it be natural for men to take upon themselves the toil and danger of all those matters? Is it not also natural for them to take the entire management of them? Or would you have men alone to ply the tough oar, and the women to direct the ruling helm? It is the constant voice of nature, in all ages and nations, that domestic affairs should be managed by the women, and public concerns, as well as the more laborious departments of art, by the men.—Nor can I imagine a more agreeable order of affairs, or one more conducive to general happiness.—Who, that possesses the heart or wife, for a mother, would commit her tender province to the cares of slaves, in order to vote in the public assemblies, and carry on long and loud debates with freemen? Much more delightful the former task, and equally, if not more salutary to the public:

Mean

Mean-time a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows, and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.*

I am persuaded that Mrs. Woolstone Croft would never have dreamed of writing such a book as that about the rights of women, had she been a happy wife and mother of children; and, if ever she become such, which I sincerely wish that she may, she will, doubtless, make a recantation of her errors; and fairly confess, that the true glory, as well as the most sincere happiness, of a woman, consists in the exercise, not of the heroic, but the amiable virtues.—I certainly do not degrade our sex when I say, that there are virtues peculiarly graceful in men, and others peculiarly graceful in women: and that the merit and respect due to the former, is not greater than those due to the latter. There is, even in the circle of duties that belong

* Thomson's Seasons. — SPRING.

long more particularly to women, room for as much fortitude as can be shewn by any statesman or hero.—There is active fortitude, and there is passive fortitude.—By meekness and long suffering patience, under domestic injury, a woman approves herself to the admiration of every true judge of merit, as much as any sufferer in the public cause: and, by the exercise of those virtues, is sure to disarm and overcome the aggressor at one period or other.—If the heart of a ruffian husband be obdurate enough to stand out against such persuasive advocates, during even the whole life of his injured associate, the hour of repentance and bitter remorse inevitably comes at last.—Nor is it uncommon to see such husbands vainly striving to quiet the tumults of conscience by the pomp of funeral obsequies, and every possible memorial in honour of innocence and virtue.—I have put the very worst case that can possibly happen to a woman of sensibility. Compared with domestic dissention and tyranny, all other evils are tolerable and light.—Thus then, it seems to me, that the women have no reason to complain of the rank and station they hold in society, since there is no condition, even the worst that can be imagined, in which they may not conduct themselves with the noblest dignity and propriety,

ety, and in which too, they are sure in the end to triumph.—Without difficulties and trials there is no room for the exercise of the sublimest virtues, as there can be no victory where there is no enemy to combat.—Women are often called to the exercise of heroism as well as men: but whereas the heroism of a man consists in braving death and danger in the field, or in equally resisting the secret intrigues of the court, or the frantic folly of the people; so the heroism of a woman, consists in meekness and patience: Patience, as Rousseau observes, even under a husband's injustice. Such gentleness of manners is in fact the best armour in which the delicacy of the female frame can possibly be clothed.

There should be, and, in fact, in all happy families there is a vibrating line of mutual concession; but, in all matters of importance, the direction naturally falls to the share of the master of the family. I think a good reasoner might bring the question, agitated by Mrs. Woolstone Croft, to a very short issue, by a plain and simple observation. If it had not been the order of Nature, and the decrees of Providence, that one of the parties should give way, and be led by the other, men and women

would

would not have been destined to live in couples or pairs, as they most undoubtedly are: for were a perfect, rigorous, and unaccommodating equality to be insisted on by the Lady, on every difference of opinion, domestic life would be one continued scene of discord; nay, the common affairs of life would fall into the utmost disorder, and even stagnation.

Do not suppose, my dear, after all this, that I am for giving up a jot of the real interests of womankind. I have a true female heart: a mind true to the cause of women,—I would even be for grasping the whole of all power, in all matters that concern us, and in which we may be supposed to be proper judges; not by contending with the men for rights, but by forcing them to esteem, and engaging them to love us. Engage their affections, and you are mistress of all.—I think the natural condition of women, in civilised and refined life, is rather to be envied than pitied. They are committed by Providence to the care of fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, and other relatives. In domestic life, a virtuous and amiable woman has, in general (whatever particular exceptions there may be) her full share, and often more than an equal share of sway: in politics too, it is well known, that

that women have power without the formality of constitutional votes.—But I really think for my own part, that it is another kind of ambition, than an ambition to shine in either politics or war, that best befits the female character.

I have run on, I find, on looking back, at an amazing rate: but this is a subject that is a most important one to my sister; nor have I yet said all that I wish to say upon it.—In the mean time I must grant you a truce; for I fear I have already written a longer epistle than you will have patience to read.

SABINA SOMERVILLE.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

I DID not intend, my dear Susan, to have troubled you so soon with what I am sure you will call another sermon: but an anecdote I have just heard of you since your late arrival in London, constrains me to remonstrate with you on that unfortunate singularity in your way of thinking, respecting the female situation in society, which was the subject of my last letter.—Your eccentric ramble, shall I call it, or visit, or expedition, to the gallery of the House of Commons, in order to hear the debates on his Majesty's Speech, to both Houses of Parliament, was not managed with so much secrecy, but that it was well enough known who the young officer was in green and gold lace, that sat in the side bench of the gallery, or what they call treasury

fury side of the house*. That you may not be too much alarmed at the discovery, I will tell you, that it was honest Mr. Barry, our clergyman, who saw you as you brushed by him in the crowd to the place where you sat during the whole of the debates, till two o'clock in the morning; and that I am the only person to whom he told, or will ever tell this secret.—What a subject of merriment would you have afforded had it been found out by almost any other person in the whole circle of our acquaintance? I yet hope, my dear sister, that, on mature reflection, you will be sensible, that in modern Europe, and particularly in this Island, the women are in as happy and eligible a situation as the men. They enjoy, what most women would wish to enjoy, that kind of happiness which consists in regularity of life, and abstraction from the bustle of the world. They want not subjects, in abundance, of attention, nor fit objects of hope and affection: They are not precluded from any pursuit that suits their nature,

* There is a standing order of the House of Commons, against the admission of women, as visitors: such spirited ladies therefore as have a mind to gratify their curiosity, are obliged to go (like Lady Wallace) disguised in men's apparel.

nature, and their talents; nor yet from the exercise of any virtue.—I may, perhaps, be accused of inclining to an extreme, contrary to that into which you run, when I confess, I do not disapprove of that delicate seclusion of women of rank from promiscuous society, that has at all times prevailed in Asia. Their confinement is far from being rigorous, as is commonly supposed. They visit, and receive the visits of their neighbours of their own sex, and those of their nearest male relations. Domestic concerns, and the education of their children, afford employment to their mind. Dr. Ruffel, in his history of Aleppo, has convinced me, that there is not on earth, a more respectable character than a Turkish matron, presiding with propriety over the HARAM*.

I may here take occasion to observe, that our sacred scriptures, as well as the Koran, clearly shew what is the natural condition of women in society. You talk, I know, of men SUBJUGATING women. Why may we not as well say, that women subjugate men, when they subdue them by their graces, as induce them voluntarily to fight all their battles; and, for their convenience

* The quarter of the house or palace appropriated to the use of the women, and the children.

convenience and comfort, to bear the inclemency of the seasons, and undergo all the harder toils of life? As to political rights, the rights of women are maintained by parents, brothers, husbands, and other relatives, in whom they take an interest and a pride. I remain,

Always your affectionate sister,

SABINA SOMERVILLE.

ADELA DE MONTFORT

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

The Convent of St. Clair.

I WRITE again, though it be to add to your sorrow, as suspense is dreadful almost as much so as certainty.

Yesterday morning one of the Count's domestics came for orders to the Countess, and at the same time brought us the news, that it was the Duke de B*** who was brought back in the carriage, and escorted to Paris. What horrid ideas does this dreadful confirmation present? The Duke is of the noblesse, and wants not any other accusation to destroy him. Perhaps, at this moment, my brother —— I cannot write what my imagination paints as possible.

What will the Duchess suffer; I fear that she will accuse me of ingratitude, in not writing to her, but what can I do? My fatal visit to Montmorin

morin, may involve that family in misery, and also the one I hold dearest on earth, next to my own, that of de B. to which we have such numberless obligations. Indeed, I hardly knew what to write. The Count ordered both Jacqueline and myself not to write a line to any one before we heard from him: he has been gone three days, and this evening we expect to see or hear from him. Jacqueline is as impatient as myself. In short, we are almost distracted, and were it not for the kind attentions of Madame Adelaide, and some of the sisterhood, with whom we were formerly in habits of friendship, I know not what would become of us. I am at a loss to conjecture, why the Count de Montmorin forbade the Countess to write to Salens, as that I should have thought would have been the best place for her to have removed to. We brought with us hither all the family plate, jewels and writings on the night in which we removed from Montmorin: a night I shall never forget. My poor friend the Countess shed abundance of tears, whilst I could not get such relief. Terror had taken such possession of my mind, that I was unable to speak: every sound startled me, nor did I recover myself until I had been in the convent some hours. Even here we are not safe, should any ill befall the Count, which
heaven

heaven forbid. Our good Superior tells us, that she is in hourly apprehension of an order from Paris for the suppression of their order: what shall we do? Before I can hear from you we may be obliged to fly from this asylum, but whether I know not. It is impossible for me to go to the Duchesse de B***, and leave the Countess before the Count returns. When he returns I shall dread to hear the fate of the Duke, who is almost always present to my imagination. We have lived so long in habits of intimacy, that I think him a second brother. Depend on hearing from me as soon as I can; till then

I remain your affectionate sister,

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

THE COUNT DE MONTMORIN,

TO

THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN.

FLY, my Jacqueline, and that instantly, with your friend Adela, to Italy or to England. My enemies, I fear, will prevail. If not, you may hear again from your distracted husband,

MONTMORIN.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

SOON after writing my last letter, a man came to the convent, asked for the Countess, and delivered into her hand the short note (a copy of which is inclosed) and without staying till she had read it, departed. We were all so struck with the contents, that no one heeded where the messenger went, until I wanted to question him as to the fate of the Duke. On enquiry, I found that the messenger took horse immediately on quitting us, and took the road to Paris. What can the Count mean by ordering us to fly? Or, by saying his enemies would prevail. There have been seen armed men in the village this morning, who enquired for Montmorin, and perhaps are gone thither. Madame Adelaide advises us to go for England, as the way into Italy is more distant, and we may be met by the troops of France, which are

pouring into that quarter. We are neither of us able to determine. What can they expect from two poor defenceless women, monsters as they are! I was born to be miserable, and to render those who are dear to me equally so. Where I shall date my next from, Providence must determine for me. Quit this house we must this evening, or perhaps at midnight, whilst the murderer sleeps. I begin to think that Monsieur St. Prieux is involved also in misery, and that the Count wishes to conceal this from his wife. It must be so, or he would have desired her to take the advice of her parent how to act. Adieu, my brother.

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

ADELA DE MONTFORT

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

REJOICE with me, my brother, the Duke is not in the hands of his enemies, he escaped through the courage and fidelity of his valet, who has been carried to Paris; but I hope that he will be set at liberty when the mistake is found out.

I am so happy at this discovery, that I can hardly tell you how we were informed of the event.

At twelve this night the Dukes takes us from hence, he will run the risque, although I have used all endeavours to prevent him. He will not trust us to the care of any one. He says he will protect the sister of his absent friend, or perish.

perish. You, he says, (had he a sister) would in the same situation, do as much for him.

Still I have not told you how we found out that he had escaped. About eight last night the convent bell rung, a thing quite uncustomary, as every one retires before that hour to their apartment. The bell was answered, and a person in the dress of a fisherman enquired for me; said his business was of the utmost importance, and that I must see him. On hearing this, I descended to the grate; and, judge of my surprise and joy, when I recognized the face of the Duke under this disguise; my spirits could not support me, and I sunk into the arms of the lay-sister, who attended me, and who stood in mute astonishment. As soon as I was a little recovered, I sent to inform Madame Adelaide and Jacqueline, who instantly came and conducted the Duke to the parlour, where he related to us what had befallen him, since our separation, in nearly these words:

‘ You remember, when I left Montmorin,
‘ the Count gave me a horse, and a pair of pistols: with these I determined to sell my life
‘ as dearly as I could to my pursuers. I rode
‘ into the wood as fast as my horse could gallop;
‘ lop;

‘lop; after about half an hour I heard distinct-
‘ly the found of a horse, and the voice of a man
‘shouting; this was so near me, that I knew it
‘was in vain to hope to escape unobserved. I
‘instantly stopped my horse, and put myself in
‘the best posture of defence, though I did not
‘expect that this would long avail me. The
‘horseman came in sight: It was only a single
‘person, whom, upon his nearer approach, I
‘found to be my own valet, who wept for joy
‘when he saw me. He cried, my Lord, instant-
‘ly change cloaths with me, the blood-hounds
‘are at our heels, they are informed of your
‘dress, and the road that you have taken.
‘Why should I involve you, Deville,” said I,
‘in my misfortunes—let us push on, perhaps we
‘may escape: some place may present itself for
‘shelter from pursuit. The poor fellow still
‘kept stripping himself, and insisted that I
‘should do the same. I did so, and changed
‘cloaths and horses with him; in the time I
‘was doing so, he told me that the Count Mont-
‘morin would be arrested when he got to Paris,
‘as there was an accusation preferred against him,
‘and that I would never return if caught. He ad-
‘vised me tie my horse in an adjacent field, and
‘hide myself in some of the thickets with which
‘the wood abounded, whilst he would ride o n
‘at

at a smart pace, as he knew that he must soon be overtaken. He would not stay for my acknowledgments, but rode off, leaving me a thousand blessings. I did just as he directed, and fixed myself so as to observe the road without being seen. I had not been in my hiding-place more than a quarter of an hour, before I saw a troop of horsemen riding at full gallop, and a carriage followed as quickly as possible; they passed so near me, that I was tempted to have discharged one or both, of my pistols at them, for Deville left these with me as, he said, he did not intend to make any defence, because if they mistook him for me, they would instantly return with him to Paris, and I should thereby be left to make my escape. On finding their mistake, he would regain his liberty. This conjecture of his proved true, for in about an hour after, the party returned, and the carriage was strongly guarded, and the horse on which Deville rode was led by one of the ruffians. I did not choose to quit my hiding-place, until night was pretty far advanced, when I went and untied my horse, and pursued my way as quickly as possible. I rode on till day-break, without meeting any one. At length, I found myself not far from the sea-side. I saw, at some little distance,

‘ stance, a fisherman’s hut, and thither I direct-
‘ ed the steps of my weary horse. After long
‘ knocking, I was answered, and was asked what
‘ I wanted? I replied, that having travelled
‘ very far and lost my way in the wood, I defi-
‘ red to be allowed to rest and refresh myself
‘ with them, for which I would reward them
‘ liberally. A young man came and let me in,
‘ saying, ‘ what now I suppose you think I
‘ come because you say you will reward me—
‘ but I don’t, though, for if you had not a *sous*,
‘ I would let you in and give you what our hut
‘ affords. ‘ Would you so,’ ‘ cried a voice
‘ that sounded like that of a cross old woman,’
‘ but I tell you, that I shan’t harbour any stran-
‘ gers though—what do I know but they may
‘ be robbers? Besides, if they want any thing
‘ they shall pay for it handsomely before they
‘ get it—So, Jacques, pray hold your tongue.
‘ I’ll get up and look at the stranger.’ ‘ She
‘ did so, and presented a figure that was ugly-
‘ ness itself. I addressed myself to her, pray-
‘ ing for shelter, and food, and at the same
‘ time gave her a Louis-d’or. Her countenance
‘ frightened me, and she ordered Jacques to
‘ light a fire, which he did most readily. I got
‘ a little brown bread, and something which they
‘ called broth; after taking which I lay down

‘ on Jacques’ bed to ruminate on what was to
‘ be done. The young fellow went out about
‘ his business; but returned again in about two
‘ hours, crying as if his heart would break. I
‘ enquired the cause. He said, the castle of
‘ Montmorin was besieged, the family driven
‘ out, and the Count was taken prisoner to
‘ Paris; this he had heard from one of the ser-
‘ vants, who said, he was sent to try if he could
‘ gain any intelligence of a gentleman who had
‘ passed that way the day before, as it was sus-
‘ pected that he was taken prisoner; also he de-
‘ scribed his dress: so I knew it could not be
‘ you, but if he had come to me they should ne-
‘ ver have taken him, whilst Jacques had life.
‘ I found that this fellow might be trusted, and
‘ I determined to confide in him. I there-
‘ fore asked him to let me go out with him in
‘ his boat, which he very readily complied with.
‘ We rowed very quietly along, when I said,
‘ Jacques, you seem sorry for the family of the
‘ Count de Montmorin! Could not you and I
‘ serve them at this crisis, think you?’ ‘ Serve
‘ them,’ replied he, aye, that would be delight-
‘ ful to me. The count has always been kind
‘ to me, and given me money when I could
‘ not work and was sick.’ ‘ What shall we do?’
‘ I’ll do any thing you please.’ ‘ Well, said I,
‘ I thank

‘ I thank you in the name of the family, and
‘ will not fail to reward your services.’ ‘ There
‘ again,’ said he, ‘ reward, reward is always in
‘ your mouth, because I am poor you think I
‘ am not honest.’ ‘ I then proposed, that he
‘ should set out for Montmorin, and bear a
‘ letter; and, if possible, bring me an answer.
‘ I then told him who I was, and that my life
‘ was in his hands.’ ‘ Is it,’ said he, ‘ then it
‘ is safe. But you shall not go back to our hut,
‘ I’ll row you to a place of better safety. My
‘ mother loves money, and if any one enquires
‘ for you, and should but shew her gold, you
‘ are then betrayed. I have a sweetheart, a
‘ good kind-hearted soul, who will secret you :
‘ neither Jacques nor Jannette will betray you,
‘ though the riches of the world lay before
‘ them as the price.’ ‘ I shook the fellow by
‘ the hand and told him, I relied on his truth
‘ and fidelity.

‘ We rowed until we came to the opposite
‘ shore ; where, after tying his boat to a tree,
‘ we proceeded to a village, where I was in-
‘ troduced to Jannette, and her father and mo-
‘ ther, who soon entered into my situation,
‘ and promised to do their best for my accom-
‘ modation. Here I wrote letters, and dis-
‘ patched

patched them to Montmorin by Jacques, who said, that he would be as expeditious as possible. He left me. I endeavoured to collect my scattered thoughts as well as I could. Jannette was truly attentive for her lover's sake, who had strongly recommended me to her. A day and a night elapsed ere I saw Jacques; at length he came, and told me, that all was true, the castle was seized, the Count gone to Paris, and his lady no one knew whither: for that she was taken away in the night secretly, and it was strongly believed not fairly. This news threw me into a state of distraction. I determined to go instantly to Montmorin at all events, to question the servants, and learn where the Countess was carried. This my honest friend opposed, and the father of Jannette offered to go and try if he could learn any thing, as if Jacques went too often he might be suspected, and watched. This was agreed on, and I had another day to wait in an anxious suspense. He returned at length, and had been more successful than my first messenger. The Countess, with a young lady, had been carried to the convent of St. Clair, at midnight, at the same time that the Count departed for Paris. This news relieved me greatly, and I then determined to attempt

‘ attempt making you a visit. To accomplish
 ‘ this, I again changed drefs with Jacques, and
 ‘ fet out, accompanied by the father of Jannette,
 ‘ who now waits for me at the convent gate.’

Here the Duke ended his story. We shewed him the letter the Countefs had juft received from the Count. He advifed, that we fhould be ready at midnight, and he would come again and conduct us to the cottage of Jannette, where we might be concealed until it might be poffible to get a conveyance out of the kingdom. To this the Countefs confents, and we now wait the arrival of the Duke, who is to conduct us hence; but whither we cannot fay. I have been thus particular, as I know you would be anxious to hear every thing relative to the Duke’s efcape, and I don’t know when I may have either leisure or opportunity again; perhaps, we may bend our courfe towards England; this I wifh, as then my brother can direct his truly affectionate

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER

TO

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE.

INDEED, my grave matronly sister, I give you many thanks for your two last discourses or sermons. I have not time just now, on my arrival in London, to answer them as they deserve. They ought to be read with attention, and I don't know but they deserve even publication: of this I shall consider at my leisure; in the meantime, I shall pursue my own plan of independence, and leave you to your voluntary slavery. And so, you think, the life of a Har-ram agreeable. I hear that you are aiming at some such comfortable establishment in your own family. My mother is quite lavish in her praises in your amiable propriety of conduct, as it is called by all the ancient maidens who come to tease me with their idiot visits. I am sometimes tempted to send my parrot down to converse with them: it has almost as many ideas as themselves, and is not more under controul than they are. I am really ashamed of all my
female

female acquaintance, except Lady Bell Lawless, who is going to join me, in order to humble this omnipotent animal man, to whom you all bow with the same adoration the Persians do to the sun. Who gave him this tyrannical right over us? I will not say *us*, I mean *you*. Why yourselves? You allow the men to treat you as fools; nay, to lead you up and down the house as if your own strength could not support you. I am ready to laugh when any petit maitre comes and offers to hand me down stairs, or prays me to lean on their arm from my carriage into the house, and then enquire if I am not quite fatigued with a walk in Kensington Gardens. I walked one of these animals into a high fever, just to shew him, that I had as sound health and strength, and a little more sense than himself.

So I find that you have heard of my excursion after Wisdom to the House of Commons, and are surprized at my making the attempt. This I intend to do very often, and I am well persuaded, that I shall not be convinced, even there, of the decided supremacy of man. I could have spoken more to the purpose on many points, the night I heard the debates, than many whom I heard speak, and were attended to as oracles. However, if you like it,
you

you shall command in your Haram, whilst I will be equal every where to those with whom I converse: nor will I lose one atom of my prerogative, though all the females who hug their chains, in voluntary slavery, should condemn me for my opinions.

Are you not coming to London this winter; my mother expects you, and I beg you not to disappoint us all. Landsford is in love, and wants your advice. I have offered mine, but he will have none of it; it is tainted, he says, with folly and affectation. I have one man however, who pays a respect to me: this is the Count Robert. I shall make something of him, I believe, and teach him to treat me as a rational being before I let him escape to France. He is at present very happy on account of his friend the Duke de B***, and also on account of his sister, who by his account is an amiable girl, as you would call her. She is *quite a female*, and likes to have a master to regulate her conduct. She is for ever writing to her brother for orders. For these he is continually applying to me. So you see that the men govern women at home, and are again governed by them abroad. However, I will not lose my time in a fruitless endeavour at reclaiming you, but
take

take care that I myself support the proper dignity of the sex, until women begin to be ashamed of appearing children all their lives, and assert their natural rights. I cannot think what Miss Fitzarran and her mother are about in Ireland, for I have not heard about them, or from them so long, that I begin to think that they have forgotten me. I shall write a line the next post, to enquire if this is really the case. Anna Miller is as silent Frances. She mentioned a Sir Ulic O'Neale in her last. Perhaps, she is engaged in a courtship, and my next letter may be signed by her Ladyship. Let me hear something about your husband, and whether you expect his return soon or not; as he is one of my great favourites, because he never insists on his superiority. I have innumerable cards of congratulation on my arrival, and of invitation to balls, concerts, operas, and I know not what. All these I mean to attend, in order to amuse myself, and laugh at the men—therefore excuse me, Your's

SUSAN SPENCER.

ADELA DE MONTFORT

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT,

Milford Haven.

YOU will be surprised to find that your sister is arrived in wales, and anxious to hear by what means she came thither.

In my last, I told you that we were waiting, anxiously waiting for the hour of midnight, when the duke de B*** was to escort us from the convent. This arrived, and as the bell sounded one, we arose to depart, that being the signal for our friends from without to join our party. Both Jacqueline and myself were in the greatest agitation, not so much for our own personal safety, as for that of the Duke's: as it must have been found out at Paris that a deception had been passed on them by Deville being in the dress of the Duke, and perhaps some persons might be sent secretly to waylay him. This we both urged as a reason, why we ought to go alone, only accompanied by Jacques.

Jacques To this request he was deaf. Therefore, after taking an affectionate farewell of Madame Adelaide, who most fervently recommended us to the protection of providence, our safest guide. We passed through the convent gates, whose sound, as they were shutting upon us, still vibrates on my ear. We were directly joined by the father of Jannette, who said Jacques was at the foot of the mountain, in order to watch that no person lurked there. The Duke took one arm of the Countess, and one of mine, and bade us, in a jocular manner, trust to his valour, should we be surprized. And, said Jacques, the ladies may look to us for help: though we ben't great folks we won't see women used ill. We walked on as fast and as silent as was possible for near three miles, nor did either my friend or myself dare hardly to breathe: every sound that the wind made amongst the leaves we converted into pursuers. When we were about half way, the Countess grew faint from fatigue, and we were obliged to stop, and let her rest on the trunk of an old tree that lay in the wood a little out of the beaten road, but which Jacques recollected, having passed it so often. It was well this stop was put to our continuance of our journey: We had not sat down many minutes, when Jacques and old Dubois said,

said, they would go and look out, that no one surprized us. They both returned almost directly, saying, that they saw men at a distance, bearing torches, and that they heard the sound of horses. They advised, that we should all separate, each getting behind a tree, as, if we stood in a body, the light might glance upon us and so discover us. To describe our fright is impossible. The Duke conducted my friend and myself to the nearest shelter, and took his stand not far off. The party soon approached, and passed quickly by, but not so quick but we could distinguish the Parisian accent. As soon as they were gone, Jacques proposed, that himself and Dubois should follow them at a distance, and if they found that they went on, that they would return. If they came back they would only consider them as poor fishermen going to their daily occupation. To this the duke readily assented, as he acknowledged himself a coward, since he had taken upon himself the character of our protector. After waiting almost an hour in anxious suspense, they returned, Jacques saying, it was well the duke had not remained in his mother's hut. The travellers had been there, and had questioned her, if any strangers had been there the day before; this they heard as the horsemen spoke in a loud tone. The
answer

answer had been in the negative they thought, as they directly rode on. After waiting a little to see if they would come back, the poor fellows returned to us. We then ventured on as Jacques's boat lay not more than a mile and an half from where we then were. The countess forgot her fatigue, and we were first in the cavalcade. Most welcome was the sight of the boat. We all got in nearly at the same time, and was near oversetting it. Jacques soon put off and rowed us to the same spot where he had first landed the duke. It was near morning, and we hurried again to the cottage of Dubois before the day-light should discover us to the villiagers. This we accomplished, and were received with marks of unfeigned joy by Jannette, who ran every where to get us accommodation. She lighted a fire to dry and warm us, for we were wet and cold from the damp of the night. We refreshed ourselves as well as the nature of our situation would permit, and then retired to the bed Jannette had quitted to receive us; the Duke sat up talking with Dubois on the best means for our escape out of the country, as these travellers had greatly alarmed us all. When we awoke the day was pretty far advanced. As soon as we had dressed, the Duke joined us in the room in which we had slept, as

we

we were afraid of any neighbours coming in, and seeing us strangers, that they might, if they met those who we feared were in quest of the Duke, give them information. There we remained until night came, and the cottager had gone to rest; when it was determined, that Dubois and Jacques should take the horse the Duke had left at the hut of Jacques, and which he had conveyed hither, and go to the convent and bring us what jewels, or other valuables Madame Adelaide could pack up, and they could convey: ordering, that as soon as we were out of the kingdom, she should send the remainder, left in her care, by the Count de Montmorin's steward, or some one whom he could place a reliance on, to the Duchess de B*** in Lausanne, that being the best security the Duke could devise; as by the suppression of the convent the valuables might be seized for the use of the Republic. And, on the return of our faithful friends, we determined to hire a vessel at the port, at a short distance, which might be done by Jacques, without our interference, as he knew a captain, he informed us, that would lose his life rather than betray us. This was no other than the brother of the steward of the Count de Montmorin. Whilst they were gone to St. Clair, we employed ourselves in writing.

The

The Countess wrote to the Count, and inclosed her letter in one I wrote to the Duchess de B***, explaining how we were situated, without mentioning where we were, for fear poor Jacques or Jannette should suffer for their kindness. This we left for Jacques to explain, who promised to be the bearer of our letters. The Duke wrote also to his mother, relating the obligations to this poor fellow, and entreating her to reward his fidelity to us. This being done, we waited impatiently for their return, which took place long before day-break. They brought as many valuables as they could carry, and letters from Madame Adelaide, that she would act as we desired, not saying more, fearing that her letter might fall into improper hands, as she told Dubois, but desired him to come to her after we had departed, and assist her to forward the property of the Countess to the Duchess de B***. The next morning was employed by our friends in finding the captain of the vessel, which was to convey us thence. They informed us that all was agreed on between them, as the Duke and Countess gave them power to treat as to terms. At midnight Jacques was to convey us in his boat to the vessel. Oh, my brother! what were my feelings, when the Duke led us out of the boat, and assisted

sisted us in getting up the sides of the ship. Whither we were going I hardly knew, so great was my confusion : to what country we were bound. You would have been pleased, my dear Robert, had you seen our parting from Jannette's cottage—we all wept. The Duke returned them thanks in our name, for the shelter they had afforded us ; and assured them, that should fate permit him ever to return to France, his gratitude should not be expressed in words only. In the meantime, he had a mother to whom his packet was addressed at Lausanne, which Jacques had promised to be the bearer of, who would endeavour to make some trifling acknowledgment to him : though this must ever be inadequate to the favours we had received at their hands. Jacques promised to deliver the letters, but said, that he was so happy in being instrumental in our safety, that he could never look for higher reward, only that if ever we returned to France, he hoped that they might be apprized of it, and then they would travel miles to meet us. This we promised to inform them of. The Countess gave Jannette a very valuable ring, and told her to sell it, as she had not any thing then in her power, but that the produce of that might assist her and Jacques, whom she recommended her to marry.

marry. The poor girl prayed the Countess and me to obtain her Father's consent to their union before we parted, and she would for ever bless and pray for us. This we promised her to obtain. We consulted with the Duke, who proposed to settle the matter with Dubois, whom he took into another room for that purpose. What was said I know not, but on their joining us the Duke said, come hither Jannette and Jacques, your Father deposes me to join your hands, and promises in his name, that the priest shall do so also on the next Sunday. They both wept for joy. We were obliged to hasten our departure. As soon as we had gained the ship, the Duke pressed the hand of Jacques and Dubois. Well, my friend, whatever is the fate of us wanderers may happiness as great as your virtues await you both! For our lives we are indebted to them, and whilst we are in existence never shall the obligation be forgot—Farewell, my friends. The poor honest-creatures wept bitterly when they descended into the boat, nor would they return while the anchor was weighed, and the vessel under sail. Jacques waved his cap as long as we could see the boat, nor did we quit the deck whilst our friends were discernible. The Countess and I went immediately to bed, for our spirits need-

ed composure. The Duke, who was anxious for our safety, staid with the captain on deck. After being about twelve hours at sea, a vessel was observed making towards us, and which the sailors said was a Frenchman. This greatly alarmed us; but as night was coming on, the captain hoped we might get clear of her. In about an hour another vessel appeared to be in chace of her, for soon after dark we heard the firing, and saw the flash of the guns distinctly. At day-break the two ships passed at a great distance off, but the sailors said, the Frenchman was taken though a mere wreck. This so frightened us, that we prayed the Duke to let us land at the nearest place to that we then were in. The captain proposed Milford-haven, and the Duke, to quiet our fears, agreed. About noon on the third day we saw land, and made directly for it, and were set on shore without any further danger. On landing we were shewn to an inn, where the people accosted us in a jargon none of us understood. The Duke laughed at us, and said, what fine English scholars we were who could not understand the people who asked us a common question. The Countess insisted that we were not landed in England, as she had often heard the natives speak and always understood them before.

At

At length we were informed that we were in Wales, a province of England, like Brittany in France, and which was peopled by some of the ancient Britons. I thought I could trace the same cast of countenance in some of the old people who flocked around us, as they had heard from the captain, or some of the crew that we had just escaped from persecution, and many of them were anxious and forward to serve us. We were instantly accommodated with coffee; and beds having been ordered, we retired to them. It was rather late in the morning when we awoke: on ringing to enquire the hour, we were informed, that Sir Edward Morgan and his family had been to pay their respects to us, and that the Duke had gone out with Sir Edward and the ladies, and would return in less than an hour. This account greatly surprized us, who could not conceive it possible that any of us should be known. I asked the good woman what had procured us this visit. 'Lord! answered she, 'why don't you know Sir Yeatherd? Why, every child knows his honour. 'Why he knows every body.' I was obliged still to plead my ignorance. At length she informed me, that almost the half of that part of

Wales was his'n, that he lived at Tregony Park; 'aye, and lived like a prince; God blefs'n, and 'God blefs'n my Lady too, and the dear babes.' What, said the Countess, who had become as anxious as myself, is there a Lady too. 'Is there a Lady!' Our hostess replied, 'yes is there, I don't know what the poor about here would do without a Lady. May hap your Frenchified madams be'ent like to hur. Why, she will give bread and broth, aye, that she will, with her own dear hands to the poor twice a week.' Our harangue was cut short by the appearance of the Duke escorting an old, and two young ladies attended by Sir Edward. We hastened down to pay our compliments, and receive theirs. It is impossible for my pen to do justice to the ceremony and formality of an English, or to speak more in propriety of a Welch introduction. The Duke had informed our guests of our names, and our reasons for quitting France, before we saw them. Neither Lady Morgan nor Sir Edward would hear of our remaining in an inn, when Tregony house was so near, nor would they leave us until we promised to wait on them by dinner. The carriage was ordered to return for us at two o'clock. And in the interim I have endeavoured to scribble a few lines to my brother. The Duke

Duke is writing also. Let me hear by return of post, and I hope that you will not disapprove the steps taken

By your's sincerely,

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

THE DUKE E B***

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

WELL, at length, we are both on the same island. Both out-casts from our native land. Adela tells me that she has informed you of every circumstance attending on our flight. Am I not happy, Robert to have borne off the only treasure I valued on earth? Your sister, I mean, for had she been left in devoted France, my soul would still have hovered about its confines in search of happiness. I have been on the rack for her safety, and that of her fair friend the Countess de Montmorin. Now they lodge under the hospitable roof of a Welch Baronet, who claims kindred with King Solomon. I really believe you would not doubt the ancestry of his family, had you perused the genealogy of the Morgans, which I was tormented with this morning for more than two hours; however, the real simplicity and goodness of heart

heart of this family ought not to meet with ridicule for their hospitality, nor shall they from me. Their peculiarities are amiable when benevolence dictates them. I begin to think the life of an ancient Baron who resides on his estate, and seldom sees a court, of more real use to the State than he who is not happy out of the sight of royalty. The King has not a more truly loyal subject than Sir Edward, who never saw either himself, or any of his progeny. There is a large organ in the hall, and Sir Edward keeps a man whom he calls an organist, and who plays, God save the King, during every meal. A harper is also kept at Tregony, to celebrate the heroes of the family, and to keep up a taste for Welch music: some of which is very excellent. In short, we have been shewn every mark of hospitality in this our exile. I feel extremely for the Countess de Montmorin, who is quite unexperienced in the affairs of the world, and knows not what to determine on, or what to think. The Count's fate I do not doubt is decided ere this, as he, you know, held a place of much responsibility during the reign of the late King. Therefore, as they condemned their Sovereign, so they may his servants. Robert, I heard it whispered whilst I was concealed, that Monsieur St. Prieux had been the cause of
the

the Count's being denounced. I can hardly credit the report; yet, when I reflect, that the Count charged the Countess not to go or send to Salens, I am a little staggered what to think. Jacqueline has no such idea, nor would I have it suggested even to Adela. We shall proceed to London as soon as the ladies are a little recovered, and the Countess has received a letter from Mrs. Mortimer, a relation of the Count's, to whom she has written. This lady, she hopes, will receive herself and Adela, until the Count, if living, may send her word how he chuses her to be disposed of. Lady Morgan is for the ladies taking up their residence in Wales until more prosperous times. The Baronet's fair daughters are determined that we shall not escape. I believe I never introduced these ladies to you, Robert. They are as unlike my fair protégées as if they were of a different sex. They are robust hearty girls, or rather ladies, for the youngest is rather turned of thirty. They hunt, course, and fish with any sportsman within fifty miles of Tregony. They are good housekeepers, and good farmers too. They are quite unacquainted with the world, or what is doing in it; the fashions they get from the milliner at the next market-town, and no one presumes, Lady Morgan informed us, to wear

wear any thing in the new mode of dress, until Miss Morgans have set them the example. I am become quite a gossip. I reckon, with unspeakable pleasure, on the time when I shall take by the hand my old friend Robert; I think next week we shall meet. Remember me to Lord Landsford and family.

Your's,

DE B***.

THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN

TO

Mrs. MORTIMER.

MADAM,

Milford-Haven.

IN what manner to introduce myself I hardly can tell; but I have heard the Count de Montmorin say, that you was the beloved sister of his mother, and that he meditated a journey to England, in order to pay his respects to his revered relation, and to gain me the honour of a place in your affection. This, alas, Madam! I am obliged alone to solicit. I left France by the express command of the Count, as you, Madam, shall be convinced, if I am permitted to see you. I would, if I durst, solicit your protection for myself and a young and amiable friend, the voluntary companion of my flight. We were accompanied to this place by the Duke de B***, who also fled from persecution, the nature of which I cannot explain in a letter.

We

We are at present received and treated with much kindness and hospitality in the family of Sir Edward Morgan, where we propose to remain until I have an answer from you, Madam.

Should the Count (which I trust in Providence he will) escape from his enemies, he will gratefully thank you for your attention to his unfortunate

JACQUILINE DE MONTMORIN.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

TO

MISS FITZARRAN.

London.

YES, my dear Frances, I am again in London, and find it just the same as I left it, except that I find your house amongst those I am obliged to pass by in silence—I give a sigh as the closed windows present themselves to my view. I have told the Count de Montfort often of the treasure that house once contained; and, I assure you, I have enumerated your numberless charms, not commonly done by our sex, let me tell you: only I despise a monopoly in love. I told my brother Landsford of your golden fleece in store for him, but he will not come for it. Age and ugliness he will not wed, though she had a mine for a dower. But the deer is stricken to the heart—by whom, he is yet unacquainted. My mother is in great agitation

tion at this great event having happened without her knowledge. I too am a little angry at not being consulted. Some dear delightful coquette has robbed him of his heart. She is truly feminine in person, he tells me, and he doubts not, but her mind is as fair as her outside appearance. Landsford is bustling from one public place to the other in search of his fair one—for in London she cannot long be hidden: of this he is persuaded. I prayed him this morning to go to church with me, as perhaps his fair one might be found there; this he refused, and went to Kensington Gardens with the Count. It being too early in the season to walk without danger of catching cold, I refused to join them. Do you know that this Count is beginning to grow troublesome. He is too assiduous, too solicitous about me—I can take care of myself. If a man speaks to me in his company more than just to enquire after my health, he turns as pale, and looks as fretful as if he were my husband. How happy is this man! and how delighted must be the other! He says, if I enter into common nonsensical chat with any male creature, I must banish him from my presence, or he will be too assuming. He is amiable I will allow, therefore I don't like to discard him hastily—I could like to mould

mould him into a friend, if this were possible : lover is too degrading ; it subjects a man to so many meannesses. I should hate any one who could submit to even my caprices. The Count is at this time extremely unhappy about his sister, who is arrived in Wales in company with the Countess de Montmorin, a most charming woman, and the Duke de B***, a most charming man. In short, they are a charming trio. What to do with Adela, his sister, the Count does not know. I would ask her here, but that my mother has a great prejudice against French women. This prejudice will operate also against Sabina's receiving her, I fear, but I intend to make the trial by this post. A French woman is dreadful, my mother says : they are never quiet themselves, nor will let any other person be so ; for if they are not women of intrigue, they are bigots and devotees. The Count goes to-morrow to Milford-Haven, accompanied by Landsford ; for notwithstanding his heart's being pre-engaged, he wishes for a peep at these Gallic beauties. I should like to be of the party also, but I have such a string of engagements it is impossible. I do not intend to mention to the Count that I have written to Sabina, lest her answer may not be as I wish, an invitation, to the fair fugitive. You were so good as to
enquire

enquire after Colonel Somerville : he is still with the army endeavouring at humbling those wretches the French. And so your good lady mother holds up Sabina as a pattern for imitation; Don't take it, let me be the model on which you form yourself. Dare to be free, and you are so. Sabina is a willing slave, and such she will always continue. She has written me a long sermonizing letter against my system of governing ; it is in vain, I must try the experiment, and be convinced that I am wrong, ere I give it up. My mother too lectures me—she has had some round a-bout-overtures, made by an old dowager who visits here, and who has a grandson hardly out of leading-strings, that she wishes me to take the charge of. I told my mother that if lady Leeson would allow me to put her darling into a nursery for ten or a dozen years, and train him in my own principles, I might, if I found him docile, perhaps, accept of his hand and fortune. This conduct she took upon her to reprobate in very severe terms. I advised her ladyship to marry if she liked it, but begged her to let me entirely alone, for I would not be bargained for. She left me in anger, and we have not been very cordial since : though two days are passed since the conversation took place.

Landsford

Landsford is just returned from Kensington and is enquiring for me.

I have been to know his pleasure, as I told him that I was engaged in writing to you: he desires me to return you his best thanks for the good opinion which you entertain of him, when you say, he will look out for some overgrown 'fortune, and having the estate in possession, 'will overlook all incumbrances with which it 'may be charged;' he assures you that the number of acres the lady may possess, shall have no weight when his future happiness is put in the opposite scale: mind, not money, is what he is in search of. So, my dear Frances, if you have a mind to have him, let me know; I should like you for a sister better than Miss O'Hara and all her riches. Tell Anna Miller to marry the old Sir Ulic; I'll teach her to manage him; you are right, she shall pursue my system.

This evening must be dedicated to Landsford and his friend. The Count looks so melancholy at taking his Welch journey, that one would imagine he was going for a wife instead of a sister. I told him so, and he sighed deeply, and said, 'That, Madame, is a happiness Fortune for-
'bids me ever to think upon.' My mother
replied,

replied, that he was not very unfortunate in that respect, as the ladies were so capricious, that the men were to blame who trusted any of them with their future happiness. To this wise speech I gave assent, though I saw the reflection was aimed at myself. Adieu, my dear, you are three letters, at least, in my debt for this long one.

SUSAN SPENCER.

Mrs. MORTIMER

TO

THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN.

MADAM,

IT is with extreme concern that I have read your letter. It also surprises me, that my nephew should not have apprised me of your intended visit; tho' adverse circumstances should have detained him in France. It is true, I did expect you both in England, but it greatly alarms me to hear that you are arrived, not alone, but in company with the Duke de B***, and a young lady, with whose name I am unacquainted. However, I am glad that you are received into so respectable a family as Sir Edward Morgan's, where I should advise that you would remain until my nephew writes me what he wishes me to do; which he, no doubt, will in a very short time, when I shall be happy to receive you.

Your's

CHARLOTTE MORTIMER.

COLONEL SOMERVILLE

TO

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE.

THIS is the most agreeable letter I have written since my departure—I know it will be so to you, as I can inform you, that in about three weeks I shall make my appearance at the Lodge. Some business I have to transact in England, relative to the army, is the cause of my return: it depends therefore on this circumstance, how long my stay may be protracted. However, we shall meet, and, if only for a quarter of an hour, it would be a pleasing thought to us both.

Perhaps it may be necessary that you meet me in London, as I may not have time to visit the Lodge: but if so, I will write again, and inform you. Indeed, I shall write at all events, as I know the impatience of your disposition on these points too well to leave you to suspense. I shall fix the day of my arrival; nay, the hour, if possible,

possible, but post-horses are not the best time-keepers. Landsford has not written me one line. I am angry with him. Early friendships should not be thrown aside to make room for new ones. I am half angry, aye, and jealous too of this French Count you wrote me about. He has stepped in between me and Landsford, and has danced and bowed himself into your good graces. But I will not pay your taste so ill a compliment as to insinuate that mere outward civilities have caused you to write so warmly in his favour. Therefore to your good opinion I shall add my respect untinctured by any malignant passion. Tell Landsford that I have not forgotten him, that a host of Frenchmen can never obliterate the many obligations I am under to his former friendship, and that I heartily long to take him by the hand, and give him joy of his liberty.

I think, my dear, you wrote me in your last, that you were going to make an effort to convince Susan of her errors; do not take the trouble, let me entreat you; for she is fixed in her opinions and must feel herself wrong before she will own it; nay, I am not certain that she will then give up her follies. Your mother is well and in London, as I read in an English paper that the family were arrived in town for the winter.

winter. I shall not write you any military news as the gazettes give you pretty copious details of every circumstance. I shall confine myself to what you approve most, domestic concerns.

Does not the winter hang heavy on your hands? But I know that you have the art of employing your time, both usefully and agreeably at the same time. I expect to see some new creation of your fancy: perhaps I am anticipating a surprize you intended. To see you well and happy is my first anxious wish: in the hope of which I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

TO

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD.

WELL, my friend, I am now just arrived half way to Milford-Haven, sitting in the parlour of a miserable inn, my head full of melancholy ideas, and my heart sick with taking a retrospect of the past and a probable prospect of the future. Could the shade of my revered parents rise and view the state of their son and daughter! But why should I wish to disturb their venerable ashes? Patience and resignation is best, though hard to gain.

I am greatly disturbed to think what is to be done with my sister, my Adela, the only treasure I possess on earth. She has left the protection

tection of the Dukes de B***, the only safe asylum, to rush into a life full of dangers and cares; yet I cannot blame her for doing so. I know that in this step, delicacy was her motive. I have told you how our friend de B*** was situated as to his cousin the fair Spaniard. Adela could not bear to witness the pangs the Duke's refusal of this lady might occasion to the Dukes's mother. Her friend Jacqueline St. Prieux's marriage called her away from Lauëanne, and that lady's subsequent misfortunes have led my sister to accompany her to England. But then the Duke de B*** is in their suite; the only protector they have at present; and, on account of this circumstance, I am uneasy. Slander is watchful for something to feed upon, and unprotected innocence is frequently its prey. Perhaps the Countess de Montmorin may have some friends in England who will receive her. I am not well. An accumulation of evils bears hard on my spirits, and I fear the return of a nervous fever that seized me on the death of my father, and had well nigh carried me to the grave with him. I would it had been so. A thought of my sister rushes on my mind as my pen finished the last sentence, and make me blush for having done so.

I have

I have another subject of uneasiness ; and that on your account. I see your heart has taken an interest in the lady of whom you as yet have had but a transient view. Consider before you determine to let your future happiness rest on so slender a thread : perhaps she is married, or that her affections are already fixed — Oh, Landsford ! you know not the stings of an hopeless passion. To adore in silence that beauty, and those accomplishments you must never possess ! To live the slave of hope ! To drag on a lengthening chain of misery from which death alone can release you. — I would see my friends happy, though I am doomed to misery. The world is opening around you, every path is strewed with flowers ; youth and beauty court your alliance. What, my friend, if you were an exile lost to both friends and fortune, a bankrupt in every thing, on whom no sentiment but pity can rest ? Think of this, and grasp that happiness that awaits you.

I shall infect you with my gloom : therefore I will write no longer. Solitude and the horrid gloomy room I am sitting in is the cause

cause of my writing you this dull epistle. The
fight of Adela will raise my spirits : you shall
then hear again from

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

ADELA DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUCHESS DE B***

Tregony Hall, Milford-Haven.

DEAREST MADAM,

PERMIT me to congratulate you on the escape that the Duke has made from his enemies. As I know your anxiety I lose not a moment to inform you of this happy event. I have another powerful motive for taking the first opportunity of doing so: this is, lest you should allow yourself to think unkindly of me only for a moment. When you hear the situation I was in at Montmorin, which I trust you have done ere this by the hands of our good friend the Fisherman, to whose friendship the Duke is indebted for his life, I trust you will acquit me of ingratitude. The very name I shrink from. The crime I would die sooner than com-

I. J. J. J. J.

mit towards any one, but certainly not to you my protector and mother. I must still call you by that endearing name. To be obliged to give up the idea of still being permitted to call you so, though seas divide us, would give a severe pang to my heart. Believe me, my honoured, my revered patroness, you shall never blush to have allowed me this indulgence. The memory of my deceased parents is hardly dearer to me than the recollection that I still possess the friendship of your Grace.

Most sincerely do I lament that your wishes, in regard to the Duke, have been frustrated. I can see, that to have been the cause of uneasiness to you, frequently casts a gloom upon his mind. However, this is a subject I dare not presume to write upon: my inexperience would lead me into errors, your judgment would condemn, which is competent to decide with equal justice and affection betwixt yourself and your son. I hardly know what will become of us in a strange country without any friends. We are at present most fortunately received into the family of Sir Edward Morgan, a man of large fortune, and still larger benevolence. But this is only a temporary asylum until we can find where to settle. The Duke intends going for
London

London as soon as my brother Robert arrives, whom we hourly expect. This thought gives a sort of temporary sunshine to my mind: to see my brother is happiness at all times to me.

To quit France without seeing you, without one farewell, was most painful to me. But the Count de Montmorin, in a hasty line written to the Countess, desired her to fly with her friend, which was a sort of request that I would accompany her—I did not know how to act. The Duke advised me to go with her; as, if I stayed behind, and it was found out that I had been privy to their escape, the malice of his enemies might fall on me. You, my dear madam, Heaven be praised! were out of their detested reach: therefore I acted from the impulse of the moment, and if I have done wrong it was not intentional.

Pray, if you get any news from Paris, as to the fate of the poor Count, inform me; for the Countess is in a state little short of distraction; having just received a cold repulsive letter from a lady who is aunt to the Count, and who, she had hoped, would receive us both into her family. This she declines, until the Count writes to her. What can she think, or
what

what can she fear? My entrance into the world seems to be beset with difficulties; and I shicken at the thought of a farther approach. The only comfort, after seeing my brother, I can know, is, to hear that you are in health, and still, as heretofore, the friend and counsellor of your

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

You

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

YOUR last letter pained me, as it gave me a picture of the state of your mind. I saw there much anxiety and despondency. Your heart, my dear Robert, is gone I see, and most sorry am I to acknowledge that it is gone after a shadow not worth the pursuit, Susan, for with her it rests, is a tyrant, who delights in inflicting pain. Man she considers as her enemy, whom she pursues with most inveterate hate. I tell you this in friendship, that you may slip her chains and be free. How easily this last sentence glided from my pen? But how hard the point in question to be accomplished, I can myself judge.

You

You give advice to me, and I in return preach to you. To act with rationality was never the province of a lover.

Was my sister an empress, Robert, my friendship for you is such that I should wish you to share her throne. She is not worthy of you believe me. I do not think her possessed of an insensible, or a bad heart; but her mind has been warped by a foolish old woman, her grandmother, who has taught her that women should be men, and dispute every point sword in hand. They are to decide, and we are to obey. I should like to see a female parliament. We have endeavoured to laugh my sister out of her absurd notions, but without effect. I most truly wish her heart would beat in unison with your's. She then might be prevailed upon to give up some of her disputed privileges in your favour. You have my hearty wishes for your success; but I doubt it: and fear that in gaining her's you may lose yourself.

Pray, are you to bring your sister, and the Countess de Montmorin to town? You could not determine when we parted, because you did not know what the Count had said on this subject, or if he had said any thing.

What

What is de B*** doing? He is a happy fellow to have the care of two beautiful women. We shall see him in town no doubt. Tell him I expect that he will come here until he finds a situation more agreeable to him.

Next week this will be Batchelor's-hall, as my mother and sister quit my house to occupy one of their own. 'This step I have endeavoured to prevent them from taking: but my mother says, she will quit the house in order to leave me room to place a mistress in it deserving of me. I requested my sister to preside over my family.—' And so be turned out like old 'lumber when you shall be pleased to take a 'wife,' she said. 'No, indeed, not she!'—So Robert, you, I, and the Duke must manage until I find this wife they talk of, or more properly speaking, that I think of, this fair incognita.

Every fable garment attracts my attention in hopes that chance may befriend my search. To London they came, and in London I am. It is not therefore impossible but we may meet: the very thought gives me spirits. I will cease writing, and renew my search wherever beauty is to be seen. Why was she posting in such haste

to

to town? It certainly was not on a joyous occasion: her face had a melancholy impression stamped on it; perhaps she is unhappy: would I were destined to restore her to peace. I have asked all my friends after her till they laugh at me, and enquire if I have found the fair lady in the black coat?

Susan came home from the Opera last night, and told me, that my mistress was found in the person of the rich relict of Sir Simon Simson, a city knight; and that she was worth two plumbs. I must explain to you, that a hundred thousand pounds is called by the citizens a plumb. Susan says, I must have her, for she is beautiful and an idiot: so that I may lord it over her without fear of opposition.

It is impossible that this lady can be the one I am in search of. Her eyes bespoke an intelligent mind. An idiot never could have penetrated so deeply into my heart. However, I shall go to the Opera with my sister to-morrow; and though the lady described cannot be my charmer, I may see her there.

Somerville is expected in England next week, and Sabina comes to town. I wish you had
been

been here : perhaps you may soon return from your tour amongst the Welch mountains. Rally your spirits and bid defiance to Cupid : you have sufficient business upon your hands at present in the care of a couple of females. I must dress, therefore adieu.

Your's,

LANDSFORD.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER

TO

MISS FITZARRAN.

I AM not certain whether you are a letter indebted to me or no: but I hate all forms; they are certainly incompatible with our friendship.

Frances, I have lost a lover, a dying swain! The wretch has had the presumption to marry. To be sure I did refuse him more than a twelve-month ago; but he might have asked if I continued cruel still before he had determined his choice. Perhaps you know Mr. Bertie, the rich Nabob. He is a very Croesus, and looks as though he had been deputed by Providence to give law to the whole earth. No proud eastern monarch for Susan.

He

He has married a country miss who came from the boarding school with the idea of being a great lady. Her aunt pointed out the road to be so, she curtsied and gave her hand to ratify the bargain. Now is she completely sold to slavery for the remainder of her days. She was presented only yesterday; I was not at Court, so have not seen her: but this evening I shall be introduced to the bride at the house of Mrs. St. Leger, Mr. Bertie's sister.

I have a plan in my head—This is to leave town entirely. I am tired of its nonsense and insipidities, and will take a house for myself. Robert de Montfort has a sister who has been obliged to seek refuge in this country, like himself. She is now with a family in Wales, with whom she is perfectly unacquainted. They landed at a wretched inn. The Countess de Montmorin, the Duke de B***, and Adela de Montfort. Sir Edward Morgan, hearing of their situation, gave them an invitation until they could inform their friends of their arrival: The Countess wrote to Mrs. Mortimer, her husband's aunt, who informed us of this circumstance; and, at the same time, declared against receiving the Countess de Montmorin, as her coming over in the company of the Duke de

B***

B*** was suspicious—Oh! how I hate these cold hearted people. We informed her that we had some knowledge of Madame de Montfort. It was too late now, her answer was gone. It was prudent to wait.

What will these two young women do? The Count de Montfort is gone to Milford-Haven, and will, I doubt not, bring them to town. I did not ask them here, as my mother has a dislike to Frenchwomen: but I hope I shall be able to realize my project, and then I will invite them both.

We quit this house in a few days for Bruton-street. My mother would have taken a much larger house: but as I design to leave town in a very little time, I have persuaded her, the one she has taken will be sufficient. When she is no longer troubled with me, I know she will see little company. The attention she means to bestow to Julia's education will amuse her; as she intends to form her character in direct opposition to mine. Edmund is gone to a military school in Germany; so we are dispersing you see.

What are you doing? I am always asking this question. I am promised a fight of you in town

town this winter, though you keep it a secret, intending to surprize me; but I am never surprized at any thing in these days.

Sabina is expected in town to-morrow, to meet Somerville. I need not say, that she is happy.—The Count de Montfort being gone to his sister, I am absolutely without a male creature to attend to me. This is quite delightful. I seem of some consequence now I am allowed to breathe with freedom, which I never can when surrounded by these creatures who think they know every thing.

I must finish this epistle; for my woman tells me, that my mother is indisposed. I must repair to her dressing-room; she is troubled with a head ach; I hope it is no more than this—though I often presume to oppose, yet I love my mother infinitely.

Yours,

SUSAN SPENCER.

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

MY search is at length ended—I am no longer in doubt—Miss Archer has changed her fables for a bridal suit. I was last night presented to the loveliest creature on earth—married just a week to a wretch whom I despise—whom she must despise also, when acquainted with his character.

I am distracted my friend; wonder not at this when you hear all my hopes are blasted for ever.—Do you think she loves this man of gold?—Has she not given him her hand?—That answers my question, for she looks not like one accustomed to deceit. I'll tell you as well as I can how this discovery was brought about.—

My

My sister told me that she was to be at a route given by Mrs. St. Leger, on account of her brother's marriage. A card of invitation having been sent to me, she persuaded me to go with her, saying that, as all the fashionable world were to be assembled, I might meet my fable beauty. The idea that it might be possible determined me to go; although I detested this Bertie—this bridegroom—We went rather early, as Mrs. St. Leger was to introduce my sister to the bride before the rooms filled. About ten minutes after we were seated, Mrs. Bertie was announced—In bounced Bertie leading his bride. My eyes were immediately fixed in amazement when I beheld the face that had enchanted me with a first glance, rendered more divinely handsome by a blush that overspread her countenance. I must have looked extremely awkward. I stammered out a few compliments and retired to another part of the room to recover myself.—To recover myself did I say?—Oh, never shall I accomplish that end! She is the wife of another—Has given away that heart and those vows, that I should have prized above kingdoms, to a senseless brute whom she cannot love. He is a supercilious vain haughty animal, ever on tip-toe to shew his superiority in point of fortune. He has amassed great sums
of

of money in India; and the possession of that being his only consequence, he is anxious on all occasions to display his wealth. I envy him one treasure.

My sister perceived my confusion; and, as soon as she could, came to enquire the cause: when I informed her, that Mrs. Bertie was the lady who had caught my heart by one transient glance. She laughed at me, saying, that this was the time to exercise my fortitude, and shew my superiority to weak foolish woman. She ran on in this strain until I was quite angry—I prevailed on her to promise that she would keep my secret—I, two or three times endeavoured to approach Mrs. Bertie, but found myself unequal to the task of addressing her as an indifferent person. I kept within sight of her however the whole evening. My eye caught her's more than once. Perhaps she recollects the circumstance of our accidental meeting at Bath. Bertie was all talk and gaiety. I could not bear to see him exulting in his good fortune: his wife the subject of general admiration. She was adorned with a profusion of fine things, particularly diamonds of immense value; yet, Robert, she looked better in her plain black gown and loose unpowdered locks. Would I
had

had met her once more in that habit. But if I had, this East Indian had gained her heart.— I cannot write more, as I am just going with Susan to pay some morning visits; where, she tells me, I shall be sure to hear all about Miss Archer, which my sister is most anxious of hearing, as Bertie once paid his addresses to her. I am distracted, but your friend,

LANDSFORD.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

TO

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD.

Milford Haven.

I REACHED this place last night about eight o'clock, where I found my sister, who was overjoyed to see me. My friend de B*** too I had the happiness of again taking by the hand; but I assure you that he is greatly altered since we parted: his spirits are gone. To compensate for this alteration in my friend, my sister is in health, and much improved in her person since we parted. Her friend the Countess de Montmorin is a lovely woman. I saw her once before whilst in the convent of St. Clair with Adela; but I should hardly have known her again; so much does a few years alter young people. She is a brunette, with most expressive eyes, and the loveliest mouth and teeth you can conceive.

I was received with much hospitality by the amiable family, who has so kindly afforded them

them protection on their landing. I can see that there is much of ancient manners and customs in this family, and much of English hospitality; for which Sir Edward told me his ancestors were famed. He never attended the Court, but was always ready to serve his Sovereign with his life and fortune. Had our Nobility in France possessed the same sentiments, we had not now been exiles.

The Countess de Montmorin does not wish to remove to London until she receives some news of the fate of her husband—having received a letter from a relation of the Count's, which she thinks a reflection on her conduct. She wishes to find a house in Wales where she may retire with Adela, and there wait her future destiny. I am commissioned to look out for such a spot not far from the neighbourhood of the benevolent family in which they now reside. The Duke intends setting out for town in a few days. I like this country much: there seems to be a simplicity and purity in the manners of the people that I am greatly pleased with, and which not unfrequently, puts me in mind of our own peasantry.

From

From the mansion of Sir Edward Morgan there is a most delightful and unbounded prospect. The sea on one side, and the distant hills which here rise to a very great height, form a view extremely grand and picturesque. Nothing is wanting in this place but a mind unclouded by care or disappointment to render it delightful.

And now let me reply to your letter which I received about two hours after my arrival.

Deception I abhor; and will own that your penetration has found out the secret of my heart, which is totally subdued by your fair and accomplished sister; of whom I think you speak with more severity than she is deserving of.

Do not for a moment, think I entertain an idea of ever obtaining her affections in return. Would it not be unpardonable in me, an exile from my country, a bankrupt in fortune, to aspire to the daughter of the Earl of Aldborough? —No! never shall my lips breathe a sentiment of the unbounded affection that glows in my bosom, and will continue until the last vital flame be extinct. Her mind is as good as her person

person is beautiful. Fine women will have little caprices, and they become them. Lady Susan may sport with our sex who are all her slaves.

I am partly resolved to quit England as soon as I have found a place where to fix the Countess and Adela. If no letters arrive from Paris I have promised the Countess to disguise myself and return thither, in order to know the fate of her family, for she is fearful that her Father, Monsieur de Salens, is involved in the general misfortune. I am indifferent about myself: life has no charms for me. I have enjoined the Countess to secrecy, as poor Adela would be wretched, did she know I was going again to France.—There can be no danger, I am not known to the present rules.

Let me hear from you soon, I will not attempt at giving you advice, your own good sense will guide you. The world presents a smiling prospect: do not you throw a mist over it.

I beg my respects to your amiable mother the Countess, and that you will tell Lady Susan that the remembrance of the many delightful days that I have passed in her society, now serves

to

to support my depressed spirits; and will ever, by me, be considered amongst the brightest of my life.

This will but render me ridiculous to her: so only present my compliments, and those of my sister. To the amiable Lady Sabina present my respectful regards—I am glad to hear that the Colonel is returned, as she exists but in his society. He is the most enviable man on earth; yet, as he is so deserving, it would be criminal to wish him less happiness. I wish he had returned before I left London, as I should have been happy to add Colonel Somerville to the already invaluable stock of friends I have met with whilst residing in your happy island.

I have not yet enquired of de B***, what is become of his cousin, or whether she had taken her departure for Spain before he left France? This is a subject that does not interest him, or it would not have been neglected thus long. What would once have made my supreme happiness, now gives me infinite pain: so strangely do circumstances and events change our sentiments! I must explain myself on this subject; though not fully in this letter.

I believe

I believe, I told you, that de B*** entertained a partiality for Adela. This then is what I mean. He adores my sister, and therefore has declined the marriage with his cousin. I cannot allow Adela to give him her hand as we are bound by the ties of gratitude to the good Duchess his mother, and should but ill repay our obligations in uniting his fortune with ours. The Duke is angry with me, and accuses me of want of friendship for him; and affection to my sister. My heart acquits me of the charge. I should have to reproach myself with an act of ingratitude did I allow him to follow his inclinations. Let me have your sentiments on this subject in your next.

Your's,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE

TO

MISS MILLER.

WHEN I began to consider myself approaching towards happiness in the promised return of my husband, think how severely I must feel the sad reverse, and how deep the affliction when even the presence of my William cannot relieve me!

I have lost my mother—my beloved parent is no more. I arrived in town on Monday last; on alighting from my carriage I was met in the hall by my brother, in whose countenance I soon learnt something was amiss. His face was pale as ashes, and his whole dress disordered. I looked at him, but had not power to enquire the extent of my misery. The idea of Somerville rushed into my mind, and I sunk almost lifeless into the first chair that presented itself to my view. Susan entered—her swollen eyes added to my fears: she is a little better, was the first word my sister uttered. Thank Heaven! exclaimed my brother. I was afraid to inform

Sabina of our misfortune, said he. I begged to know the worst; my sister then told me, that my mother had been rather indisposed for two or three days past; but, that last night she had been seized with a fever which had been encreasing so much that Dr. Warren had pronounced her life to be in imminent danger. A messenger had just been dispatched to me, that within the last quarter of an hour the fever had abated, and she had appeared inclined to sleep; upon which every one had left the room but the Doctor and her own woman. We waited in the utmost anxiety almost an hour, when Dr. Warren came down and informed us that all hope was now at an end: that she seemed to doze for near a quarter of an hour, but that the fever had returned, and that it was impossible for her to survive the night. My sister and I went up and stood by the side of the bed for some minutes; she did not notice us. I took her hand into mine, and pressed it to my lips. She talked incoherently, and called us by different names. I was so much affected, that Susan insisted on my going to her dressing room, and that if she perceived any interval of reason I should instantly be sent for. But, alas! in less than half an hour she expired in the arms of my sister, who sunk senseless by her side. My brother came to me in a state of distraction.

His

His violent grief alarmed me. I was not in a situation to give him comfort. To lose so good a parent, so suddenly, was a stroke none of us could submit to with that resignation becoming every good christian.

The arrival of my husband, which at any other time would have communicated joy to us all, and to me supreme felicity, could not dispel our grief; most sincerely did he join his sorrows to ours. Had I been in town only a few days sooner I should have been more resigned I think: but to be separated for ever without receiving a last blessing, is too much. Susan has never left her bed since the fatal event. My brother has met with a disappointment of the heart. I never heard that he had any attachment; but Mrs. Leeson, my sister's woman, informed me that Landsford had been very unhappy three or four days previous to my mother's illness: and Lady Susan informed her, that an unexpected wedding was the cause. This is a subject I cannot be informed of at present; for the loss of his most invaluable parent afflicts him too severely at the present moment.

My sister has sent for me to consult with her: therefore I must conclude. Pray entreat Miss Fitzarran to write to Susan. It will serve to en-

liven her—I know her disposition—her grief, though violent, will not be lasting. It is generally so with volatile minds like her's. Somerville joins with me in good wishes.

Your friend,

SABINA SOMERVILLE.

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

YOU, I know, will sympathize with me when I inform you, that I have lost my mother; such a parent as few can boast of. She was taken suddenly ill. A rapid fever succeeded, which carried her off on the third day. My sisters are inconsolable—I am a bad comforter: my own affliction bears hard upon me: I needed no additional misfortunes. The recent disappointment I have experienced still preys upon my spirits.

Were it not for this cursed war I would go to the Continent, and try if a change of scene would be of use. You talk of remaining in Wales. If so, I don't know but I will come
and

and be your neighbour. I want to see how you will figure in the character of a country squire. I was never in Wales : but, from the accounts that I have read, I admire the grandeur of nature exhibited in a bolder style in that country than any other in South-Britain. Let me know if you think the reality answers the description.

When I wrote last, I was going with Lady Susan to pay some visits designedly to hear what was said about Mrs. Bertie.

I learnt that she was the daughter of a respectable gentleman in Warwickshire ; who had lived, as many other country gentlemen do, too fast. A spirit of electioneering had reduced his fortune to less than half of what it originally was. The remaining half was nearly sacrificed to supply the extravagance of a spendthrift son ; so that, at his death, Miss Archer found herself possessed of one solitary thousand pounds, after being bred in the expectation of a considerable fortune, and in all accomplishments fit to adorn an elevated station.

She removed to the house of a maiden sister of her father's, who was persuaded that the beauty and accomplishments of her niece could not fail to attract love and admiration. For this purpose they frequented all places of public

lic resort. And as the aunt predicted, so it has happened. Bertie was looking out for a wife, who might give him some eclat in the world. He had offered himself and fortune to half the women of quality in town, and finding that his money could not procure him a titled wife, he at last determined that beauty should be his object, in the possession of which he might at least be envied. He met Miss Archer at an assembly; and by a little well-timed flattery, to herself, and a display of his great wealth to the aunt, he gained the hand of the lady. What do not women sacrifice to vanity? for love must be quite out of the question. Bertie has one of the most forbidding countenances I ever beheld. His figure is diminutive, and his mind is vain, silly, and uncultivated. And yet, to possess such an angel, who has given up all the sweets of domestic life for the appearance she can make abroad! What a mistaken notion, to sacrifice one's own peace of mind to what other's may think of us? Splendid misery! It must have been for her father, that Miss Archer was in mourning when I saw her at Bath. Her aunt and a female relation reside still in town; but not at Bertie's, I understand. Why should I trouble myself about a family that can now be nothing to me? This is a thought

thought I cannot bear to dwell on. I will dismiss this with good wishes to yourself and the ladies.

Your's,

LANDSFORD.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD.

Milford Haven.

ALTHOUGH the easy dissolution of one's friends, in advanced age, when they drop, according to an expression of one of your best English poets, like ripe fruit into their mother's lap, be an event that ought to form a subject rather of satisfaction than of regret, yet I confess, that the intelligence I lately received of the death of your excellent mother affected me greatly: nor even, while I express these sentiments, can I help reflecting, with a kind of pleasing melancholy, on the amiable virtues of the good Countess of Aldborough: and particularly on that place in her esteem, with which I flatter myself she honoured me—It is not for those who, in advanced life, quit the scene of action, after playing their parts well without any violent or painful struggle, that we ought to

to be sorry. The misfortunes of our living friends are fitter subject of sadness and sorrow; and it is to relief and consolation, under these, that sympathy should bend all her attentions and cares—Nor is it those above, who are commonly deemed unfortunate, that are proper objects of compassionate tenderness. In every lot, even the most affluent and splendid, there is enough to shew that, in every station, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. There are moralists who undertake to shew, and indeed, I think with an appearance of reason, that this mixture of pain with pleasure in human life is, on the whole, even a benevolent constitution of nature: disease, disappointments, vexations; chiefly the loss of dear relations, early acquaintance, &c. Friends are so many dilutents and dissolvents that unloosen the bonds by which we are attached to life: until at last we become weary of this sublunary state, and are glad, to use an Arabian phrase, to drink the sherbet of dissolution.—

As those we love decay, we die in part,
 String after string is sever'd from the heart;
 'Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
 Without one pang is glad to fall away.
 Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
 Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low;
 Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
 Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

THOMSON.

This

This is a serious and plaintive strain : but it is inspired by various incidents and events ; and, indeed, in some measure, by the contour and character of this country, which is fitted by nature to nourish a pensive and melancholy mode, and invites strongly to reflection and contemplation. You desire to be informed what sort of a place this is ; and you seem to incline, if it should be tolerable, for some time to take up your residence in it. In your present tone of mind, it would, from the general account I have given of it, suit you well, as it would accord to your soul's sadness—and, indeed, such sympathetic scenes, as the mountains and sequestered vallies and glens of Wales are well adapted to soothe the distressed mind, and reduce it by degrees to the tranquil equilibrium which it may unfortunately have lost.—It is painful, and even dangerous to tear the bandages at once from eyes which have long remained in darkness, and expose them, at once, to the beams of the meridian line. It would be equally improper to drag abruptly into the crowded haunts of dissipation, and bustling frivolity, the mind that is ill at ease, and discomposed, by whatever cause its uneasiness may be occasioned.—I say by whatever cause, because, my friend, you need not to be informed, that the generality of the world would be inclined to treat the

cause of your present uneasiness as a subject of merriment and banter, rather than of sympathetic sorrow: though I certainly am of opinion that this is a very unjust mode of measuring out our social regard to our neighbours. If a man is robbed of a few hundred pounds, or if an inundation of the sea, or a land torrent has swept away a corner of his estate, he meets with the sincere sympathy of all around him. If he is disappointed in the dearest and tenderest concerns of the heart; of that in which alone a spirit of sensibility can repose a full return of love and friendship, then he may lay his account of meeting, at best, with apathy and indifference from his neighbours; but, most probably, with a degree of jocular and ridicule—This you will, in the present state of your mind, readily pronounce to be one of these inequalities or iniquities that are so frequently to be discovered in the sentiments and conduct of mankind—Yet I may safely predict, that the time will come, and I hope soon, when having recovered the usual elasticity of your spirits, you will admit, that it is not altogether unnatural.—But this moralizing humour has diverted me from what I chiefly intended in this letter, which was, to give you a description of this remote, highly romantic, and interesting country—This shall be the subject of my next letter—
for,

for, I neither love to write, nor to read long epistles—I will therefore, in the mean time, subscribe myself,

Your ever faithful
and affectionate,

MONTFORT.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER

to

MISS FITZARRAN.

I KNOW, my dear Frances, that you are informed by Miss Miller of the misfortune we have sustained in the loss of the best of parents. I therefore shall spare myself the pain of repeating the melancholy scene: your fancy can paint what were our sufferings, better than my pen is at present capable of describing them. This event has accelerated the execution of my plan of living for the future. I intend retiring to the country for the present. Indeed, the approaching season invites every person to seek the enamelled meads. I am poetical already. I wish you would persuade Anna to come and reside this summer with me. This you will not do, fearing that I shall preach my dangerous doctrines in her ear. I own I might be apt,
now

now and then, to attempt doing this if I had any hope of doing it with success. Let her try how she likes my plans, and she shall only follow what her own judgment approves. Now you find I am become very reasonable; any one may lead me at present, I am so docile. I don't say that this humour will continue long. Landsford says, if Mr. Bertie had not been married, he thinks, in my present mood, he might have been successful. Of this I am very doubtful. Apropos of Bertie, I have a good story to tell you. He has taken a wife—the very damsel my good brother has been pursuing all this winter; who caught his heart in Cupid's net whilst changing horses at Bath, on the road, to resign her's to an Indian deity, called GOLD. She was obliged to take Bertie as a kind of chest, wherein her treasure was contained; and a coarse one I believe she will find it. I cannot help pitying the fate of this fair one. How different would her life have been, had she given her hand to Landsford, rather than the sordid wretch who is now in possession of it? Her heart, I hear indeed, has not been consulted; if it had, it never could have yielded to Bertie, who has so very repulsive a look, that it may excite fear, but never kindle a softer passion. Now, don't you set this character of Bertie down as the effect of disappointment, because he did not make me the object of his

his

his choice. I refused him most peremptorily, or I had been his Queen of Diamonds. My brother says, I shall never make a better bargain. I hate all bargains! What I am to do for want of somebody to teaze, I can't tell. The Count is gone to rusticate in the welch mountains. I did now and then make him miserable by way of punishment to his sex. This I own was wrong, as he is very different from most of them.

I think I have forgot to mention Sabina, who is *as happy as any wife can be* in the return of the Colonel. To speak truth, I don't think he seems to have brought back the same spirits which he took with him to the Continent. I cannot think that this proceeds from any diminution of regard for my sister. Indeed it is impossible to assign a cause; yet, the evil exists whatever may be the occasion. Sabina is not as yet conscious of any thing amiss; but when she is out of the room he is wrapped up in profound thought, and sighs frequently. I shall not point out what will be the cause of uneasiness of Sabina; for whom I have even more than a sisterly affection.

We were about to quit my brother's house when my mother's illness commenced; and, as the house is fitted up and furnished, I shall
remove

remove to it for the present ; though Landsford has, in the handsomest manner possible, entreated me to take the charge of his family. He declares against matrimony, now that his sable beauty is devoted to another. Men change their minds as frequently as females, so I will not trust him. I shall regulate all my pursuits in future by my own opinion. It is certain, if you don't come to town soon we shall not meet for some time. I must dress for the horrid Opera.

Your's,

SUSAN SPENCER.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD.

Tregony-Hall, near Milford-Haven.

I FIND, on recollection, that I have dated my last letters at Milford-Haven ; whereas, I ought, if I had studied accuracy, to have dated them as I do this—The fact is, Tregony-Hall is situated within view of the charming and spacious harbour which gave shelter to my friends from the dangers of the sea, and more dangerous

rous tumults of the people: It is clearly and distinctly within my view whenever I take my eye from the paper on which I now write; it has made a deep impression on my imagination. I have, in a former letter, expressed an opinion, which I have long entertained, that it is but little of the natural appearance, or character of any country that can be conveyed by the pen—Nevertheless, I shall endeavour to give you some idea of this mansion; which cannot be done without describing the relations in which it stands to the surrounding objects.—Wales viewed at a distance from the top of Snowdon, Plinimmon, or Penmanmawr, by a kind of bird's-eye prospect, and seen as one object, seems to be a country consisting in mountains separated from one another by glens and vallies of unequal width: but, towards the side of England, and the sea coasts, sloping gradually into declining plains, beautifully variegated by gently-swelling hills and other inferior acclivities, now covered with trees, now with herds and flocks, and in the middle and lower parts with luxuriant crops of corn; rivers and rivulets beautifully meandering through the vallies or glens: and sometimes, where these are contracted by ridges of rock approaching to each other, on either side of the stream, falling in rough cascades, charm both the eye and the ear, and afford

ford great varieties of trout; and, when they begin to grow to considerable size, of excellent salmon. To catch this rich yet delicate fish, and to dress it on the spot in the open air, and make a *fête champêtre* on the flowery banks of a limpid stream, in which the scaly tribes are seen to play, is one of the greatest amusements of the Welch gentlemen and ladies. The air of Wales, compared with that of England, is sharp and penetrating: though not so dry and wholesome, as might at first be supposed, being charged with a superabundance of humidity from its advanced situation in the ocean.

In former times, the country known by the name of Wales, was of greater extent than it is at present; and was bounded only by the courses of the Severn and the Dee. But, after the Saxons had made themselves masters of all the low and plain country, the Welch, or ancient Britons, were shut up within more narrow bounds, and obliged to retire Westward. It does not however appear, that ever the Saxons made any further conquests in their country than Monmouthshire and Herefordshire, now accounted part of England.—In all countries, the original inhabitants are, in the vicissitudes of empire, forced to abandon the fertile plains to ambitious or rapacious invaders, and retreat

to mountains, marshes, and other fortresses formed by nature; by which they may be enabled to preserve their independence.

The Scotch took shelter from their invaders in their islands and mountains; the ancient Gauls in the Pyrenees and the Alps; the Venetians in the marshy outlets of the Pô on the Adriatic. On the other side of the Venetian Gulph we find the Ragusans, the Ustochi, and other tribes, taking refuge from the westward progression of the Turks in the islands and creeks on the coast of Albania and Dalmatia. Thus too the Dutch defended themselves in their marshes on the mouths of the Rhine, against the whole house of Austria, in possession of the empire, Italy, Spain, America, and the Catholic provinces of the Netherlands; though now that they have exchanged poverty and patriotism for luxury and corruption, even with half Europe on their side, they open their gates to unprincipled plunderers—These political reflections occasioned by the nature of that bold and wild region, of which I have here attempted some description, have carried me far from Tregony-Hall, to which I shall return in my next, if, after an interval of some days, you do not surprize and delight me with your arrival here, or in this neighbourhood.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

THE DUCHESS DE B***.

THE DUKE DE B***.

IT is impossible to describe, my beloved Henrique, the happiness I felt on hearing that you had arrived safely in England. My apprehensions were most dreadful when I received the letters you sent me by the poor honest Fisherman, who so benevolently contributed to effect your escape. You desired me to reward his kindness to you: but, oh, my son! you were unacquainted with the feelings of a parent, when you could think it possible for me to recompence your preserver with aught in my power. The obligation must for ever remain uncanceled. However, I satisfied the poor man, tho' not myself, and leave the completion to your own heart if ever you return to this ungrateful country. My thanks are due to the great Disposer of events for your preservation, when so many innocent persons daily fall victims to tyranny and oppression.

And now let me chide you for keeping your visit to Montmorin a secret. Had you once

said

said you had intentions of going thither, all this mischief might have been prevented, for I should have warned you of the danger you incurred. I consented to Adela's going, because she was not an object of jealousy to any party, on which account I thought her safe. Had I known the danger she was in, I should not have allowed her to go. She has gone to England, and withdrawn herself from my protection. On this step I shall not comment with severity. Adela is the orphan daughter of two people for whom I had the highest esteem. I promised to those friends, on their death-bed, to watch over their child. This promise is sacred—I hold it my duty to take an interest in whatever concerns the remains of the family of Montfort.

You would act with propriety in separating yourself, as soon as you can with proper decorum and respect, from the Countess de Montmorin, as she is placed in an embarrassing situation. Indeed you cannot remain in Wales, as I have a commission for you to execute in London, that will require your immediate presence there. Your aunt Donna Isabella, and my niece, Lady Theresa, intend a visit to England, and are glad to embrace the opportunity of your being there to protect them. My sister begs the favour of you

you to enquire for a house such as may suit them; and whilst you remain in London, that you will consider it in every respect as your own. You will make all the necessary arrangements, and expect them about the beginning of next month.

I hope, that during your residence together, you will be induced to form a different opinion with regard to Lady Theresa, who is extremely accomplished and amiable; and who entertains, I am sorry to add, a better opinion of you than your treatment of her deserves.

I would have accompanied my sister, but have some business to transact in this country that will not at present allow of my absence.

Tell Adela, that she will receive a letter from me in a few days. If she is willing to accept the protection of Donna Isabella, I shall recommend her to it; but I shall not do so until I know her sentiments.

You will do well, Henrique, to reflect before you cast away so valuable an alliance as that of Lady Theresa de Guzman. Do not let a silly childish passion, destructive to both parties, influence your better judgment. I have too good an opinion of Adela to think that she
would

would use any art to seduce you from your duty. Of this I shall assure her; and that I have strong confidence in her influence on you to bring you to a right sense of what you owe both yourself and your affectionate mother,

ROSA ADELAIDE DE B***.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

MY AMIABLE FRIEND,

I AM always troubling you, when at a distance, with my correspondence, which is very saucy in a *woman*. What can they say to interest your sex? I have heard it often asserted, that we were born to tease you: so I am verifying an old saying.

The object of my present epistle is to enquire after your health, and that of your sister, and to assure her how much I am interested in her future happiness.

You must form no plan, as to the future settlement of *Mademoiselle de Montfort*, without consulting

consulting me. I have one in my head, that I hope will give much pleasure to both parties.

You are at present in a delightful and romantic country. I have frequently wished to visit it; but having no friends in Wales, I could not bring myself to take so long a journey merely out of curiosity. My wishes to see your sister and the Countess de Montmorin (of whose praise you were always so lavish) has determined me to endeavour, through your means, to find out an agreeable situation where there is a tolerably good family-house—I know that you are always happy when obliging others, therefore I shall make no apology for thus troubling you. Don't suppose that I am in jest; though my brother used to tell you that I was never serious when I formed plans of running about the country. Give me a line as soon as you have found a spot that the ladies think agreeable, with the terms on which I am to be put in possession, and I will be with you immediately. I shall spend five or six months amongst the Welch mountains, and endeavour to make that time pass agreeable to the ladies of your party. I shall go a step beyond the prudish propriety of the present day, and give you an invitation to Maiden-Hall. We might be run away with (without a male creature to pro-

tect

test us) by the savages of the country. This you must take as a great compliment, as you are the only man that I know to whom I would own an obligation.

I shall see your taste in this little commission, and your haste in the execution will infinitely oblige

SUSAN SPENCER.

THE DUCHESS DE B***

TO

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I CANNOT express how glad I am at receiving the news of your safety. My dear Henrique had a most fortunate escape; the poor Fisherman wept whilst he related the circumstance to me. I shudder whilst I think of the danger you were in. How you were able to keep up your spirits in so trying a situation, I cannot conceive. The supreme Power who ever supports the innocent in the hour of adversity, gave you strength to go thro' the struggle; and, I trust, that he will extend his protecting

recting arm while your conduct is guided by virtue and honour. Continue, invariably, in those admirable principles and precepts taught by your excellent parents; and, I hope, if not strengthened, yet not weakened by me. It will ever be my pride to see Adela sustain with that dignity, which it has ever been conspicuous, the ancient and respected name of de Montfort.

There is little merit in acting with propriety in the hour of prosperity; but to pass through the black and sullen storms of adversity, without censure, requires almost preternatural aid. You are young, therefore be not alarmed or offended if I some time offer my advice; and, be assured, I shall give it, when asked, with my best judgment. I would have my Adela an ornament of that society into which she is cast.

Your situation in England is extremely delicate. You are unprotected, have no friends or relations to apply to, but your brother; and he is a young single man. Would not you like to reside with my sister and niece who are coming to England? There is but one objection that I can think of; and this is, that my son is to reside in the same house; tho' this objection may be removed, and in some measure through
your

your friendship. You are not to learn my wishes for an union between the Duke and Lady Theresa. He was, when in France, averse to it, but gave me no reason to suppose that he might not change his opinion. Your friendship for us both will lead you to undertake the task of bringing him to comply with his duty and his interest. The fortune of my brother, Don Guzman, is immense. This, by his marriage, would devolve to Henrique, whose present possessions are very slender and future prospects still more so. I am sure that you, my dear child, could not bear to see my son in beggary; whilst any argument of your's might induce him to embrace the affluence that now courts him. I hope and expect every thing from the goodness and affection of Adela, and I shall ever be ready to acknowledge my obligation to her, should this first wish of my heart be accomplished thro' her means. Perhaps you may answer that you have not influence sufficient. I know your power and will trust to its effect. With every good wish,

I remain your affectionate,

ROSA DE B***.

VOL. I.

O

THE COUNT DE MONTMORIN

TO

MRS. MORTIMER.

DEAR MADAM,

IT is near a month since I directed my wife to go for England, and to claim your protection. This, I doubt not, but she has done, and that you will kindly attend to her distresses until fate is weary of persecuting your unhappy nephew. Tell my Jacqueline I shall amaze her when we meet, if ever I am permitted to behold her again. It is impossible to describe my feelings on her account. By the memory of my revered mother, that sister whom you loved, I conjure you to console my wife, and be a parent to her for the sake of him whose latest prayers shall be for both your happiness. I am not permitted to say more than that I am,

Affectionately your's,

MONTMORIN.

MRS. MORTIMER

TO

THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN.

DEAR MADAM,

YOU are, doubtless, anxious to hear of the Count from whom I have this instant received the

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the inclosed letter. I take the first opportunity to apologise for not attending so particularly to your first letter as you might expect I should have done; but when you are acquainted with London you will excuse me. I hope you have not experienced any inconvenience by a few days delay. I am at present confined to the house by a cold; but that you may not be longer detained in Wales, I have sent my woman and carriage to conduct you to your friend and aunt,

CHARLOTTE MORTIMER.

THE DUCHESS DE B***.

TO

THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN,

MADAM,

MOST truly do I sympathize with you under your present misfortune. Though I have not the honor of being personally known to yourself, yet the Count and our family have been long in habits of intimacy. I wish it were within my power to give you the wished-for information respecting his present situation. You, I think, could have nothing to fear if justice prevailed in France, as the Count's well known probity and honor, would soon bring his cause to a happy decision.

decision. Let us hope, that the Almighty who directs the ways of men will be pleased to extend his mercy to our prayers for his deliverance. In the meantime, be assured I will not let any opportunity pass wherein I can gain any intelligence from Paris, as your anxiety must be great.

I received four chests from Jaques the fisherman, who brought them from the convent of St. Clair, and with them a letter from Madame Adelaide the superior; desiring me to receive and forward the contents as might be most convenient to your order in London, which you will be pleased to send me as soon as agreeable, and I shall take the best opportunity afterwards of conveying them. I have written both to my son and Adela; therefore, I will not trouble you with any thing to them at present, but recommend you all to the protection of that Providence who has preserved you in the hour of danger; and will, I trust, sustain you through every trial you may have to encounter in this uncertain life.

I am, Madam,

Most respectfully Your's,

ROSA DE B***.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

DID your ladyship know with what pleasure I receive your commands, you would think any apology unnecessary, when you are disposed to make me so happy.

You are so good as to enquire after the health of my sister and the Countess, and to take an interest in their present situation. They are both in perfect health, and most grateful for your offered friendship, which they accept most thankfully.

Be assured, had I not fixed on a plan for my Adela, before your's arrived, she should have attended to your advice, and have been, as I ever am, at your ladyship's entire disposal.

When I arrived here, I found the ladies in an embarrassing situation, trespassing upon the hospitality and benevolence of the family who had kindly taken them under their protection. The Countess had been disappointed in an application to a relation of the Count's. This determined me to find some pleasant cottage near
this

this place, to take it, and remain with the ladies until we got some advice from Paris. Sir Edward Morgan's enquiries soon found what we wanted. An officer who had resided with his family within four miles of the hall, was suddenly called to join his regiment. This obliged him to quit his cottage and sell the furniture; which, not being in an expensive style, I have been able to purchase. Your ladyship will thus see it is impossible for us to avail ourselves of your very kind offer. Yet, we still hope for the addition of your society, and I shall be unwearied in my diligence to find out a house suitable for you—I am informed that there are many within a short ride from this. I shall begin my search to-morrow, and not rest until I am assured that we may expect you here.

My sister has just been with me in tears; she has received a disappointment, as Mrs. Mortimer has condescended, on the Count's recommendation, to send her carriage for the Countess. This is just arrived, and the friends must part. The Countess goes very reluctantly, as she is sensible of the affront offered her by the insinuation conveyed in Mrs. Mortimer's letter, which she sent, declining to receive her. But as she would not act in any way contradictory to her husband's request, she goes in consequence

quence of his expressing his earnest wish that she should put herself under the protection of his aunt. Thus will our little party be dispersed.

Your ladyship will be much pleased with this country; there is such a constant diversity of scene, and the prospects from the mountains are so uncommonly beautiful. The harbour of Milford, and an extensive prospect of the sea adds an additional grandeur. You will be also pleased with the family of Sir Edward Morgan, as they exhibit unaffected goodness and old English hospitality. You will see the customs and manners of the last, existing in the present age.

It were impossible to express what my feelings were, when your goodness was extended towards my unprotected Adela, for which accept my warmest thanks. There was a time when I could have said all that my heart dictates as your due, when it might not have been presumption to——. But I will not proceed in this strain; it will but hurry me into improprieties that may forfeit the distinction I am now blessed with. The idea that my memory may be consigned to oblivion by your ladyship, restrains my pen within the bounds of prudence, and warns me to subscribe myself

Your servant ever,

R. DE MONTFORT

THE DUKE DE B***

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

YOU see I am an expeditious traveller ! I arrived at the Royal Hotel, Pall Mall, this evening about seven o'clock. I have just dined, and am now, after writing a note to the Earl of Landsford, set down to announce my arrival to yourself and my Welch friends ; to whom I beg the kindest remembrances.

I cannot approve of your determination of remaining in the country, when all your friends are in town. And I hope that you will be induced to alter your intentions.

You have declared yourself to be a lover. Feeling then the pangs of disappointment yourself, how can you let your friend experience what is in your power to remove ? for to you I attribute the late coldness of Adela. She was herself before you arrived ; now she is restrained, by some of your precepts, from expressing the natural feelings of her heart.

Forgive

Forgive me, my friend, I am to blame to doubt you. I suspect every one. My mother, perhaps, has said something harsh to Adela; for she was in tears after reading her letter: nor would she let me peruse it when I entreated permission. Nay, when I informed her of my intended journey to London, she said, that it was very proper; and that she hoped the good Duchesse would no longer have cause to complain of my indifference to her happiness. I asked her, if by that she meant to say, I ought to marry my cousin, and by setting my mother's heart at ease, to render myself wretched the remainder of my days? She replied, that the question was an unkind one, as I must be well assured, considering the many obligations her family, and particularly herself, were under, to mine, that my misery could never be looked upon without pain by her. It is, therefore, for my family's, not for my own sake, that she is at all interested in what concerns me. I would fain teach myself to hope, that I have a nearer and a dearer interest in the heart of Adela. Her agitation at the Castle of Montmorin for my escape, and her joy at the convent of St. Clair, at seeing me in safety, spoke so directly to my heart, that I remember, at that time, an angel could not have convinced me that she was indifferent to my happiness.

Perhaps she thinks it her duty to give up the man who adores, who lives but in the hope of one day calling her his. Robert, my mother is unreasonable when she pretends to controul the affections of two hearts that were created for each other.

This Lady Theresa, who pursues me like my evil genius, can never be any thing to me. The gross indelicacy of her mind would alone determine me to refuse her hand. I am certain that she must have seen my indifference at Lausanne; why then follow me to London? Change of place will never produce change of sentiment. Can I admit her to my heart as its tender companion, as the soother of my cares, and the partner of my joys?—Oh no! never—My mother's pride overcomes her reason. The repulse it suffers has rendered her unjust, and made her willing to sacrifice even the peace of her son, to the gratification of her strongest propensity.

I know what you will say, my dear friend, and I have already an answer to offer you—It is impossible that a further observation of Lady Theresa can alter my opinion of her. She has a character which, of all others, I should dislike in a wife; and she takes so little pains to conceal it, that it is evident that she acts as much
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from principle as from inclination; for this there is no remedy, and it is impossible I can hesitate.

Adela is certainly altered. The last days I spent in her society were passed in cold and distant civilities. She says little, and has, I think, altered her opinion of me; yet I know not why. No circumstance can I recollect which may have given her displeasure. I am dissatisfied with myself.

It is impossible to avoid undertaking the commission my mother has devolved upon me, so far as relates to taking a house, and seeing these relations of hers, for I will not call them mine, settled. But reside with them I will not, nor see them oftener than the common forms of good breeding may require.

My messenger is returned; Landsford will be with me in five minutes. Write me soon, and forget not to let Adela be the subject on which you dwell most.

Your's

DE B***.

THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN

TO

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

London.

YOU are anxious to hear of my safe arrival, and my reception from Mrs. Mortimer. Knowing this, I have embraced the first moment, that I have been left to myself, to give my Adela the wished-for information.

When we parted on the steps at Tregony, I thought myself the most truly wretched woman then in existence—My husband a prisoner; myself in a strange country; and about to be separated from the friend of my heart, to accept the extorted protection of a woman who had expressed suspicions injurious to my honor, without ever having seen me, or having the smallest circumstance on which to ground her bad opinion. When I threw myself into the carriage

carriage I abandoned myself to grief, nor did I even know that any person was sitting beside me, until the carriage stopped at the turnpike: when, on looking up to know the cause, I perceived Mrs. Mortimer's woman opposite to me. I begged that she would excuse my inattention; but that my present situation was such that I could not withhold my tears in being separated from the friend of my bosom who had flown to England with me in compliance with the wishes of the Count, and whom sad necessity compelled me now to leave behind me, having no home to invite her to partake with me. This good young woman sympathized with my distresses and wept with me. I felt some relief in meeting with one kind and affectionate heart. She said and did every thing in her power to comfort me; and told me, that her Lady was a little odd sometimes, but that she was very compassionate and would have given me an invitation, she did not doubt, had she but known that the Count desired it. I did not reply to this, but I learnt the character of my Lord's aunt, who does just what is unavoidable. I will not trouble you with what passed on the road. Mrs. Smith was extremely attentive to me, and told me many anecdotes of the Mortimer family, in which she has been bred from a child.

child. If Mrs. Mortimer is deserving of half the encomiums bestowed by her woman I shall be greatly deceived. At seven on Wednesday evening our carriage arrived in Harley Street. I was announced and shewn into a large dinner parlour; where I was received by Mrs. Mortimer and two other old ladies, who seemed to devour me with their eyes. I found, afterwards, that they were distant relations of the family. Mrs. M. saluted me, and presented me to the ladies as the Countess de Mortmorin her niece: Notwithstanding this I never was so truly miserable. She began to enquire in what manner the Count had incurred the censure of the convention: Of this I was as little able to inform them as any person of whom they could have enquired. However, I related all I knew, which only served to feed their curiosity, not to satisfy it: one of the ladies said, what a pity that he married to involve so young a creature in his distress. Mrs. Mortimer endeavoured to turn the discourse. After having sat with them two hours, and tea was over, I begged to retire. Mrs. Smith came and shewed me to a room in which I was glad to be left alone. I sat down, and revolved in my mind the numberless events that had passed in one short month. I hardly durst look forward over the same space of time:

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at length fatigue determined me to take refuge in sleep; and, if possible, forget my misfortunes. I found myself much refreshed in the morning, and somewhat more composed when I joined Mrs. Mortimer at breakfast. She enquired in what situation my finances were, and whether she should supply me with cash for present necessities. This I declined, telling her that I had brought from Montmorin my jewels and what cash the Count left when he went to Paris. This would serve me until I heard again from my Lord. She then sat down and gave me an account of her great family connections in this country, and enquired into mine, and if I could guess what the Count alluded to when he said he should amaze me when we met. This I assured her was beyond my comprehension. Indeed, my friend, this has alarmed me much; surely he has no bad news to relate of my father, whose silence alarms me. For, were he at Salens, he would surely write to Madame Adelaide for news of me; and as she is in possession of a direction to us, I might have received a letter from my father as well as the one from the Duchess of B***. I will not let my mind dwell on imaginary ills, whilst so many real ones are in existence; yet, I cannot forget the last injunctions of my husband, as he stepped
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into the carriage. He pressed my hand, saying, I charge you, Jacqueline, go not, nor send, to Salens.

I have declined seeing any company at present. My mind is prejudiced against Mrs. Mortimer; nor shall I ever forget the shock her cold repulsive letter gave me. It would have struck deeper had I not been with you, who so kindly endeavoured to raise my spirits. How many obligations I am under to you for kindly accompanying me to this country? Which I repay by leaving you with strangers after the first fortnight. This I never would have done, had not your brother insisted that I should do so, telling me that in a short time he would bring you to town also. Lady Morgan also advised me to put myself under the protection of my husband's relations who, if I declined, might place my refusal to a wrong account, and so create distrust. My heart was so full at parting, that could not speak on the subject.

Mrs. Mortimer seems to live in an elegant and expensive style, and Mrs. Smith tells me that she sees much company, and that she is sure her Lady will not consent to my seclusion long; however, I shall avoid society as long as is possible.

The duke is arrived safe; Mrs. Mortimer met him this morning with Lord Landsford, at Lady Spencer's. She is quite charmed with his appearance, but thinks me very imprudent to travel in the company of a young and so handsome a man. I assured her that he had devoted his affections before he saw me to yourself. This is certainly true, tho' you will not allow me to say so. He has almost told me so frequently, by his inattention to every thing where you are present. I shall find out the state of his heart now you are absent. He asked permission of Mrs. Mortimer to pay his respects to me. This, she said, should be left entirely to myself, and if I gave no orders to the contrary her doors were open, and she should be honoured by his visit.

I shall not deny him access. The unfortunate should never be ceremonious. I hope, however, that he will come alone. I am not in a state of mind to admit strangers.

Write me what you are doing; what passes every hour; for every thing that concerns you must be interesting to,

JACQUILINE DE MONTMORIN.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

INDEED, Lady Susan, I am become quite a man of business, and begin to think I shall succeed as such; for I have found just such a situation as I am sure you will approve. The house I have chosen for you stands on the margin of a lake; with a distant prospect of the sea, and is in a valley almost surrounded by wild and lofty mountains, which seem to exclude the evils of the world.

Our humble cottage is within a short walk of this delightful spot. My sister is quite delighted with the idea of having such a charming neighbour as your Ladyship. I hope it is not necessary to express my sentiments on this subject. Come then, my friend! for you have allowed me to call you by that name, and make us happy by your presence. I shall not enquire whether Lord Landsford accompanies you, as he has disappointed me once before. I hope
you

you have been introduced to my friend de B***, and that you like him. I assure you he is a most valuable young man. He has a mind strongly marked by liberality and conduct; a heart expanding wide with universal benevolence, and adorned with many noble virtues. But I need not recommend him to your notice, who are so good a judge of general characters.

The Countess de Montmorin too is in London. She is a most truly amiable woman; but, I fear, doomed, like her friends, to taste of the bitter cup of adversity; yet that has been softened by the kind interference of yourself and family, joined to the benevolent Sir Edward and Lady Morgan, who are for ever contriving to oblige us. Lady Morgan takes a mother's care of my sister, and they are quite busied in fitting up our little cottage, whilst I inspect the garden that surrounds us. I promise myself a return of tranquillity, when settled in this charming spot, long unknown to me. I shall endeavour to forget to think of the past which would only cloud our days with sadness. A latent hope still glows at my heart, and repels the poison of despair. I will cherish it as my best friend. Lady Sabina is happy in the return of Colonel Somerville; and, I suppose, intends

tends to return with him to the Lodge. Does Lady Julia intend to reside with her sister, or come to Wales with you? "I hope the latter is her choice, as Adela and her Ladyship are nearly of an age, and I can trace, I think, a similarity of disposition in them. You see that you have emboldened me to write quite familiarly, and to enquire after your family concerns. Give me leave to say, that no one can be more interested in them than

DE MONTFORT.

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

I HAVE been a very bad correspondent of late. My mind has been fluctuating and quite uncollected. It is wonderful how little deranges us, and renders us unfit for society. I have called in reason to my aid, but find that even she has many wild vagaries to combat ere conviction replaces her in her former seat.

I think you have got some strange ideas in your head when you say that it is unpardonable
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in you to aspire to the daughter of the Earl of Aldborough. Away with such absurd nonsense. Equality is the word with your nation; and in an union between you and Susan, it would have been perfect. You think I speak of my sister with more severity than she is deserving of. We will settle this point at some distant period. For I am already too well acquainted with the absurdity of a lover to combat his opinions. Were my father alive, to see his daughter united to the son of de Montfort, would, I am certain, give him perfect satisfaction were he as well acquainted with his virtues as I am. As his representative I approve, and wish success to your passion; so shall my sister be brought to reason, which she has long left at a distance, and I gain a brother that my heart has long acknowledged. Had my Julia gained your affections, you had been most happy. She is the counterpart of Sabina, to whose care she is consigned since the death of my invaluable parent, whose chief study, for many years, has been to form the mind of this, I may say, accomplished girl. You have hardly seen her, as the custom is to seclude our young females, in my opinion, too long in the nurseries. Julia has profited by her retirement more than most women, because her education has been superintended by a maternal and an enlightened mind.

No

No intriguing Frenchwoman was at hand to poison her mind. You will excuse my writing so harshly of your countrywomen, as your good sense will understand that I mean that description of them who come to this country as governesses and *filles de chambres*, who are frequently no better than the cast mistresses of some of your nobility.

I see that you are in the same absurd error in regard to your sister, that you are in with regard to yourself. You say, "What would once have made my supreme happiness, now gives me infinite pain." Why should this be? unless your friends were sordid and mercenary. This sentiment is a reflection on them, and ought to be taken up as such. The Duke loved your sister, not her possessions. Besides, has not de B*** lost his fortune? Let them be happy their own way, and do not think that you commit an act of ingratitude when you consent to the union of two hearts, which separation would rend with its severest pangs. Think again, and decide like the friend of

LANDSFORD.